

# HIT

COMICS

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## Kid ETERNITY

PITS  
PANCHO VILLA  
AGAINST  
DON PABLO!



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# KID ETERNITY

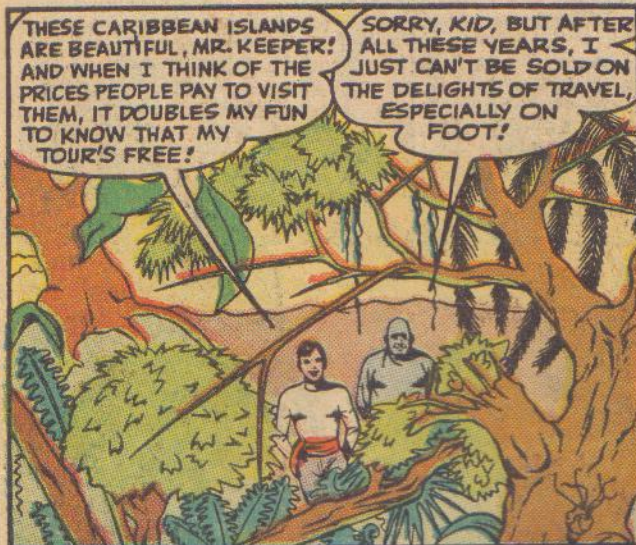


When **KID ETERNITY'S** earthly life was brought to an untimely end through a celestial error, he was given amazing supernatural powers to make amends!

He can become visible or invisible at will.... he can visit and leave the earth whenever he pleases.... he can call on any character in history or mythology to do his bidding.... all by merely saying the word **ETERNITY** in the presence of his friend and guardian, **MR. KEEPER!**



# HIT COMICS





# HIT COMICS

NOW, DOG OF A LAZY PEON, I SHALL HAVE TO MAKE MY BLOWS HARDER TO MAKE UP FOR THE TIME I LOST! HA-HA!



KID!  
KID!

I -- I'M ALL RIGHT, KEEP!

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO RUSH INTO A FIGHT WITH YOUR BARE HANDS WHEN THE OTHER PERSON HAS WEAPONS?



I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, KEEP! THAT CRAZY TORTURER REQUIRES A LITTLE STRONGER PUNISHMENT THAN I CAN DISH OUT!

ETERNITY!



At the sound of the magic word, a figure appears out of the long dead PAST....

WHAMM!



KING RICHARD, THE LION HEARTED! I'VE READ THAT, WHEN YOU WENT ON CRUSADES, YOU USED TO THINK NOTHING OF TAKING ON A DOZEN CRUEL SARACENS WITH YOUR BARE HANDS!

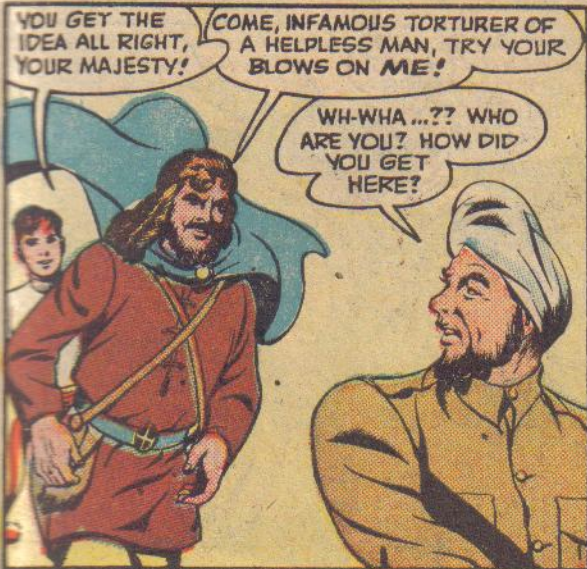
TWO DOZEN, IF NEED BE, KID ETERNITY! WOULD'ST HAVE ME MANHANDLE YON WICKED-HEARTED VARLET?



YOU GET THE IDEA ALL RIGHT, YOUR MAJESTY!

COME, INFAMOUS TORTURER OF A HELPLESS MAN, TRY YOUR BLOWS ON ME!

WH-WHA ...?? WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT SORT OF TRICK THIS IS!



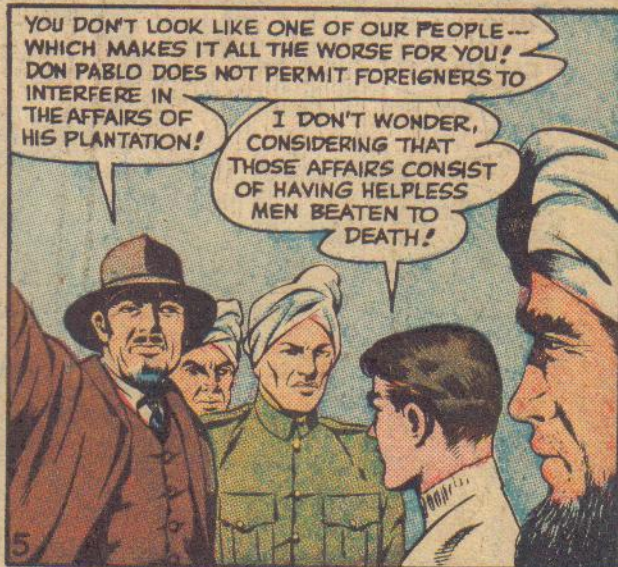
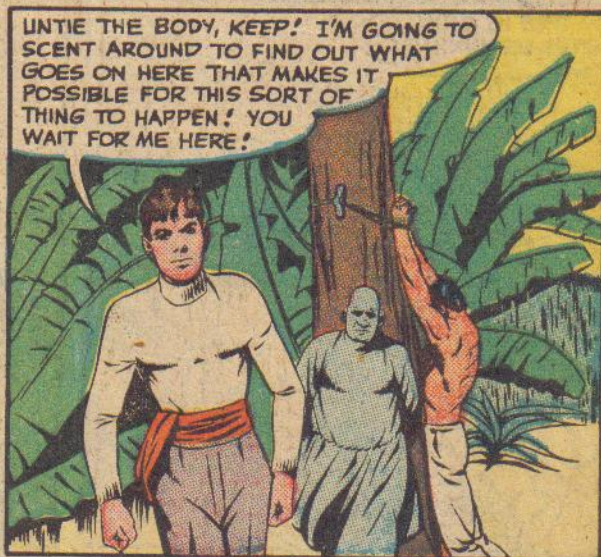


# HIT COMICS





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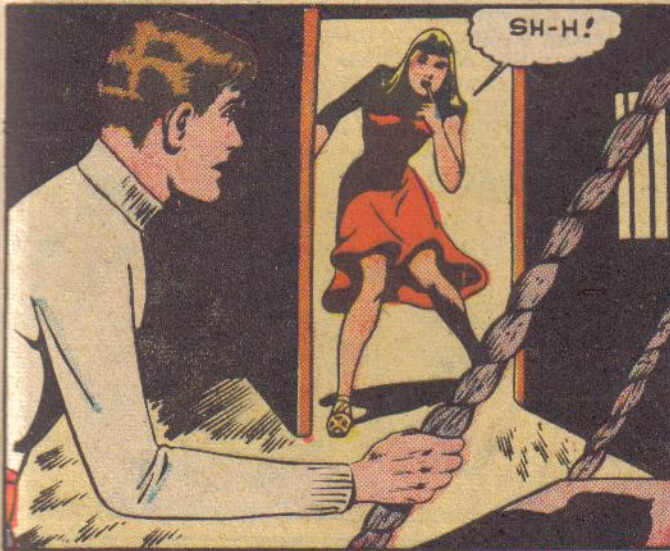




# HIT COMICS









# HIT COMICS



BUT WHY AN ELOPEMENT? CAN'T YOU MARRY HIM HERE?

NO! MY FATHER IS OPPOSED TO IT! YOU SEE, DON PABLO WANTS TO MARRY ME AND MY FATHER FAVORS DON PABLO BECAUSE HE IS HEAVILY IN DEBT TO HIM!

AND THE ONLY WAY YOUR FATHER CAN KEEP OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF DON PABLO AND HIS GUARDS IS TO SIDE WITH HIM! I UNDERSTAND!

I DO NOT WISH TO BRING MISFORTUNE TO MY FATHER, BUT I CAN NO LONGER STAND BY AND SEE MY PEOPLE BEATEN AND BULLIED BY THAT TYRANT, DON PABLO! IF I CAN GET AWAY FROM THE PLANTATION, I MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! ... THIS IS WHERE I AM TO MEET JAMES!



LOLITA! I DIDN'T KNOW WHO WAS WITH YOU! I LISTENED FROM BEHIND THE TREE UNTIL I MADE SURE EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT!

HE WAS TO BE ANOTHER OF DON PABLO'S VICTIMS, JAMES! I HELPED HIM ESCAPE FROM THE JAIL HUT!

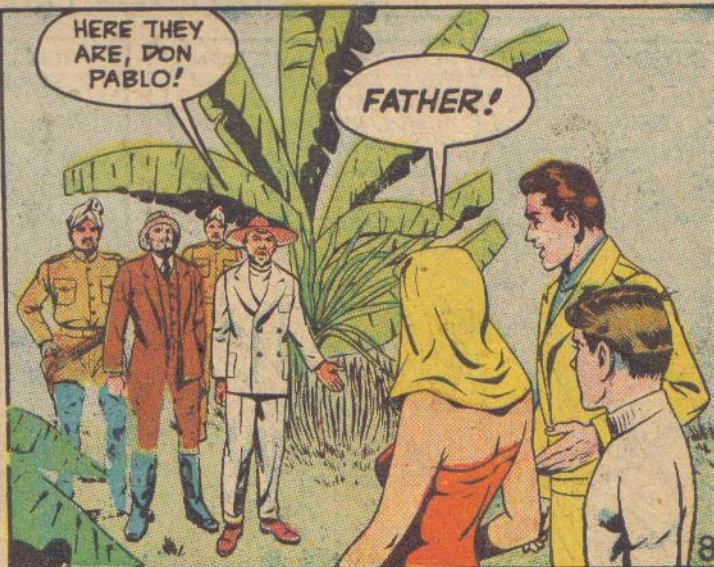


I'M JAMES FORBES! I CAME DOWN HERE AS REPRESENTATIVE FOR A BANANA IMPORTER! NONE OF US KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON AT DON PABLO'S PLANTATION! I FOUND OUT, SPOKE UP, AND WOUND UP IN THE JAIL HUT!



BY THAT TIME, I'D ALREADY MET LOLITA! I DETERMINED TO GET HER AWAY FROM THE PLACE! I ALSO WANTED TO SMASH DON PABLO'S DICTATORSHIP OVER THE PEONS ... BUT I CAN'T QUITE FIGURE OUT HOW TO DO THAT!

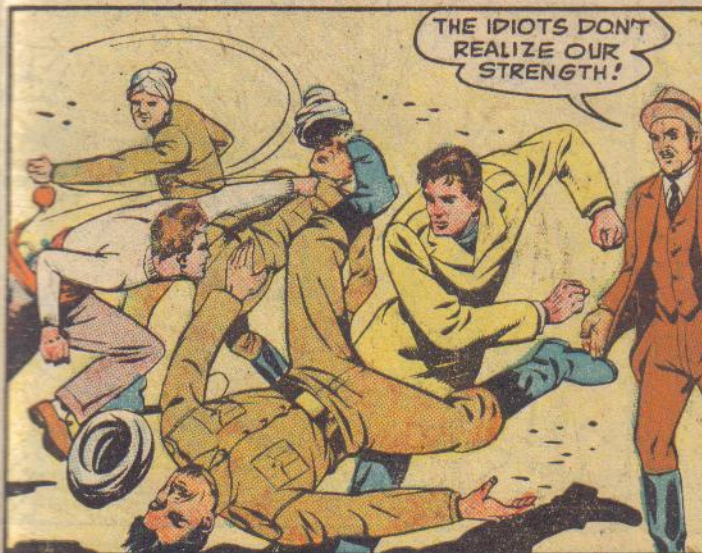
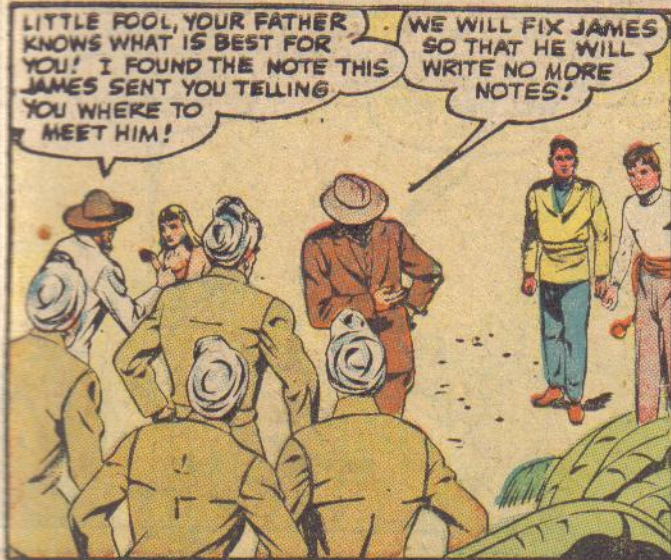
THERE MUST BE A WAY!



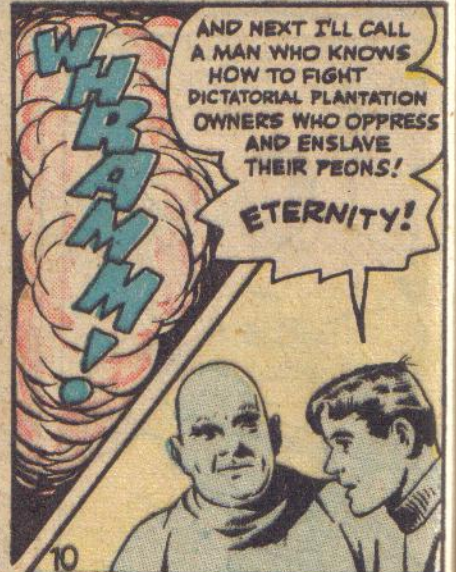
HERE THEY ARE, DON PABLO!

FATHER!



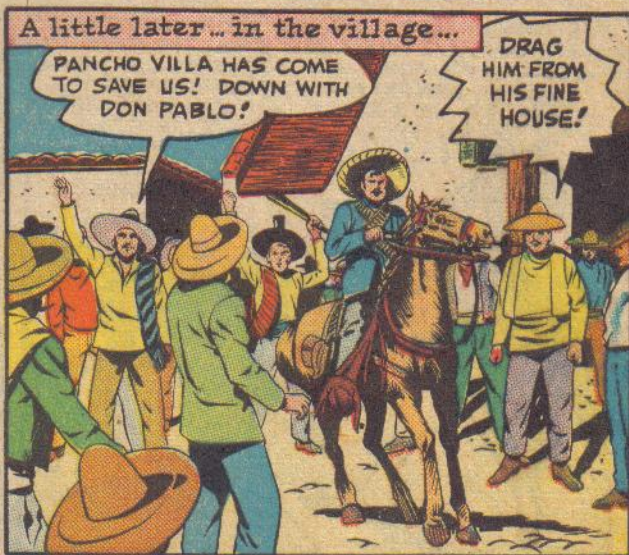
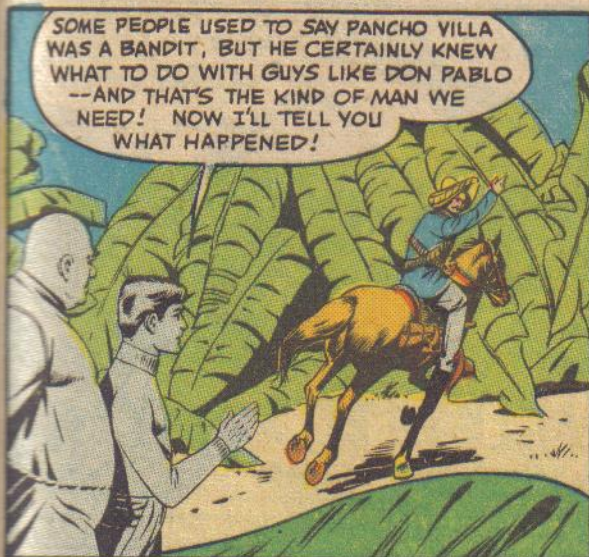






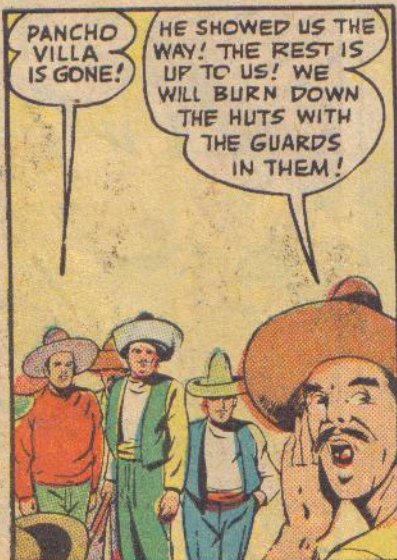
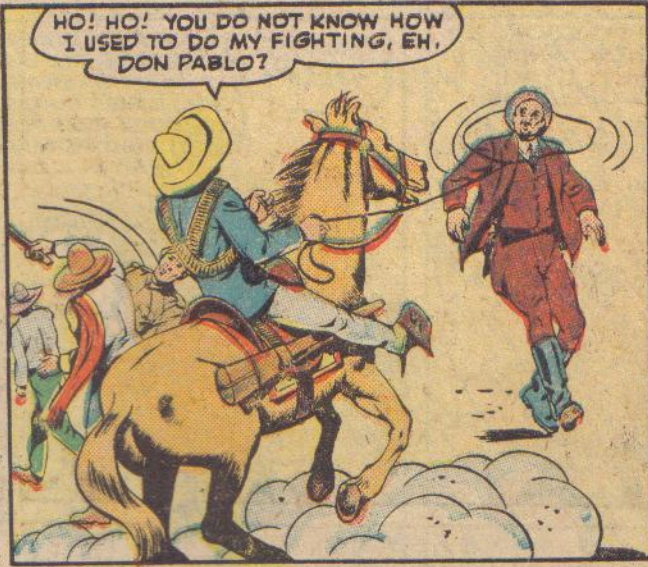


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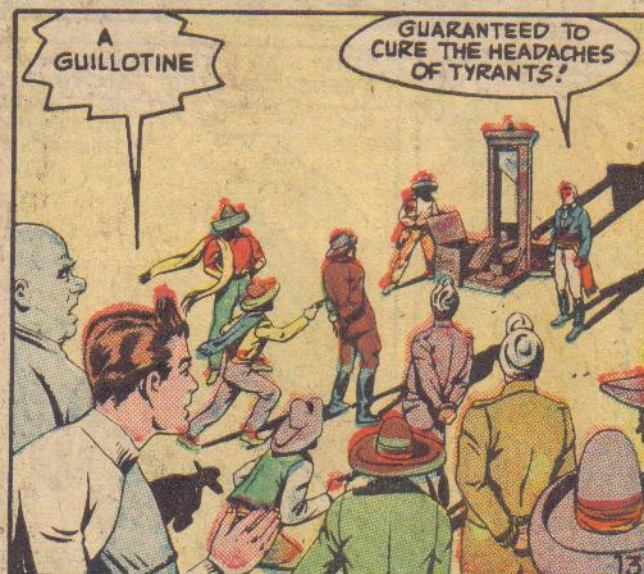
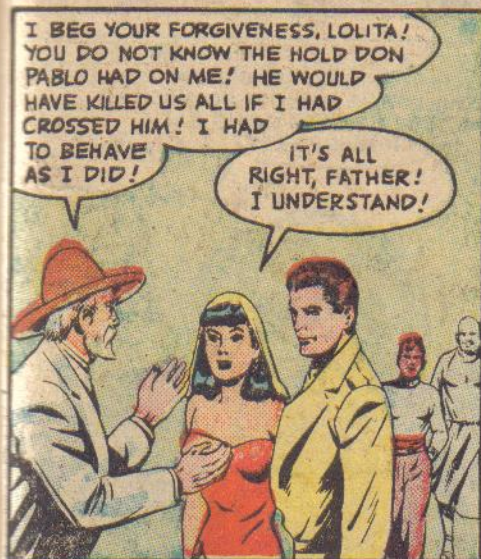
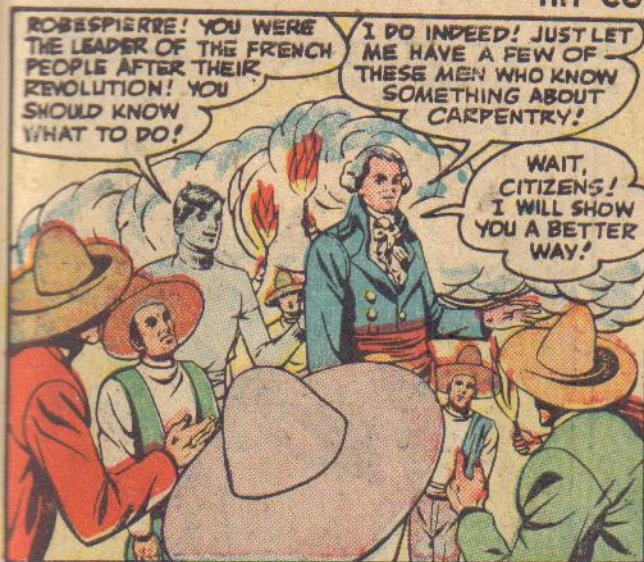




# HIT COMICS









KEEP, LOOK! I SURE STARTED SOMETHING WHEN I CALLED ON ROBESPIERRE! I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS BEFORE HE GETS STARTED! I'LL MAKE MYSELF INVISIBLE FIRST SO THE PEOPLE WON'T SEE ME!

ETERNITY!



PUT HIS HEAD ON THE BLOCK!

NO! NO! NOT THAT!

STOP THEM, ROBESPIERRE! SETTLING THINGS THAT WAY MAKES YOU AS BAD AS DON PABLO!

SURELY, KID ETERNITY, YOU DO NOT PRETEND TO KNOW MORE ABOUT HOW TO HANDLE THESE MATTERS THAN I DO?

MAYBE NOT! BUT I KNOW I'M NOT PERMITTING EXECUTIONS ON THE GUILLOTINE WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A TRIAL! YOU'RE GOING BACK, ROBESPIERRE!

ETERNITY!



THAT MAN ... THE FRENCHMAN ... HE IS GONE!

WHAT DOES IT MATTER? ON WITH THE BEHEADINGS! WE CAN HANDLE THINGS OURSELVES NOW!

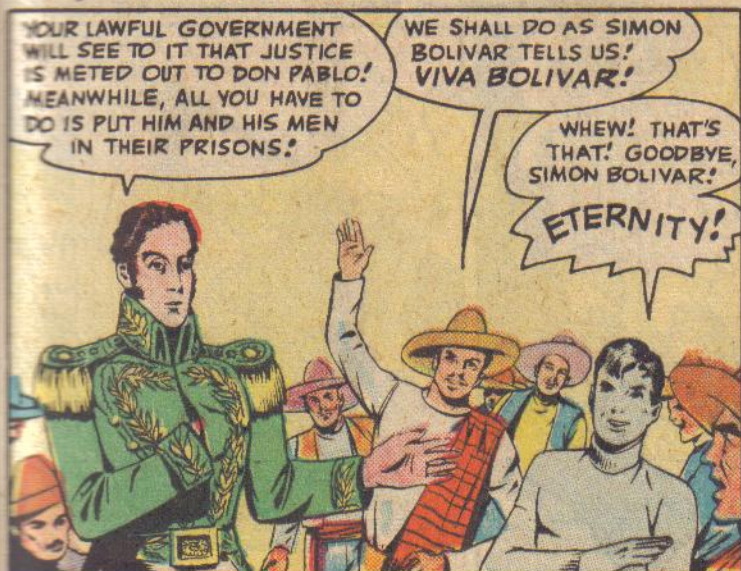
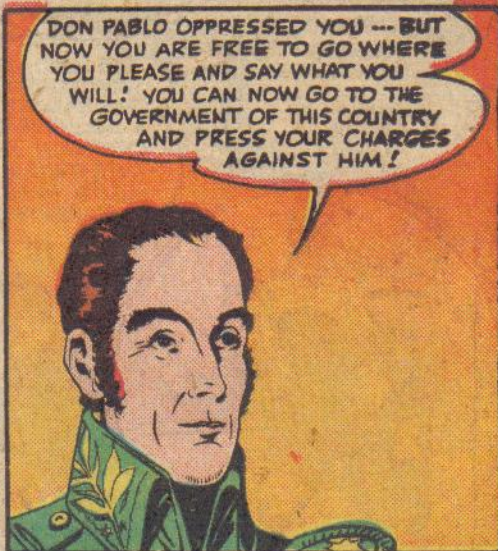
THERE'S NO STOPPING THEM, NOW THAT THEY'VE HAD A TASTE OF POWER, KID!

THERE MUST BE! I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW THE VERY MAN THEY'LL LISTEN TO!

ETERNITY!

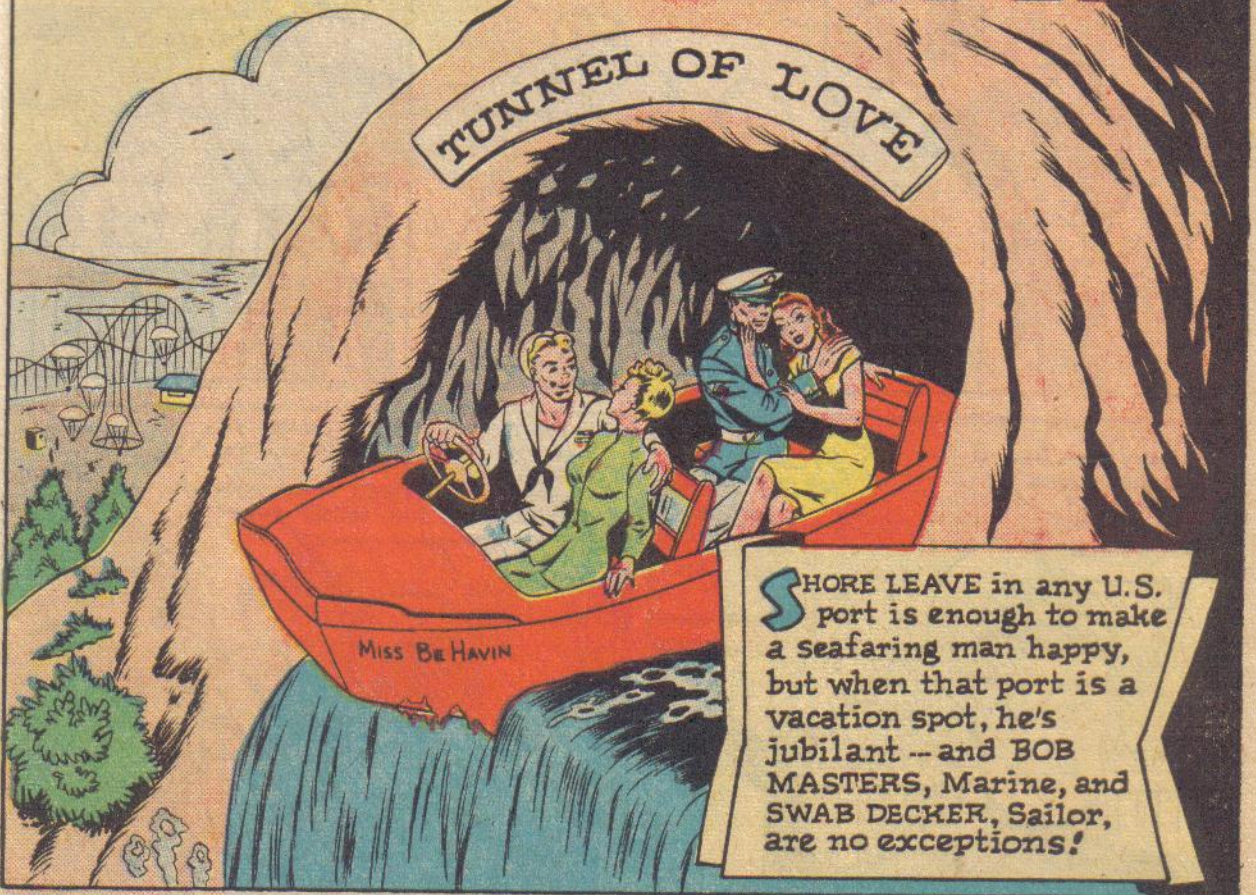


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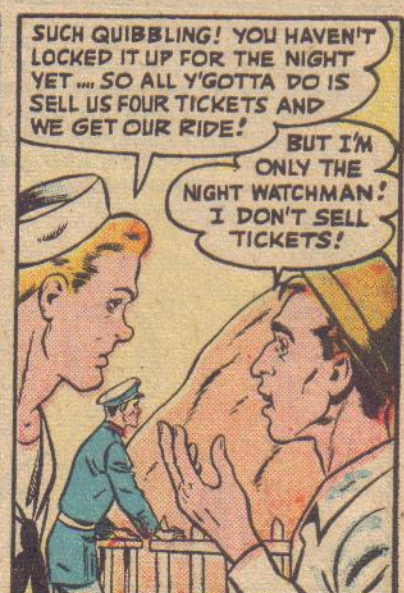
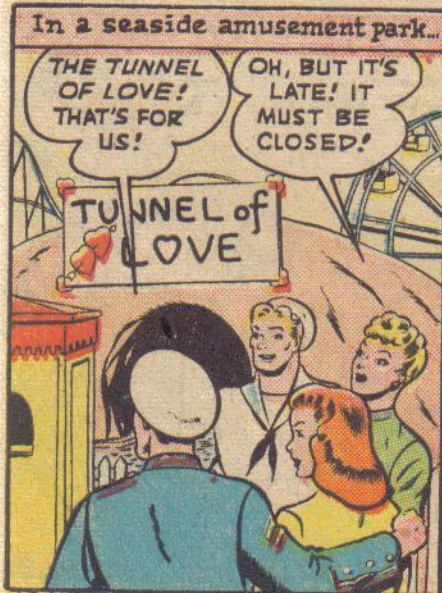




# BOB and SWAB

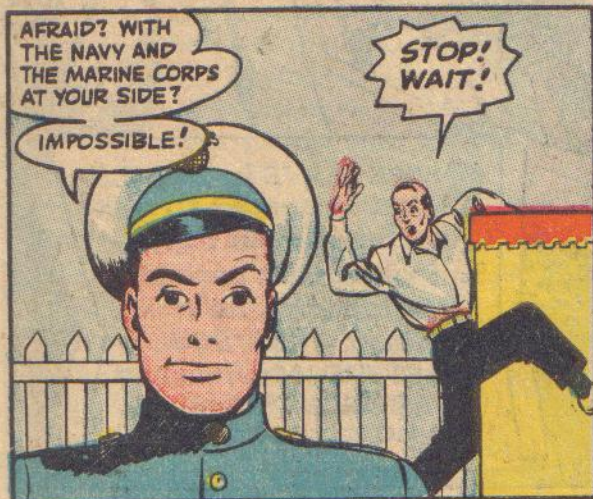


**S**HORE LEAVE in any U.S. port is enough to make a seafaring man happy, but when that port is a vacation spot, he's jubilant -- and BOB MASTERS, Marine, and SWAB DECKER, Sailor, are no exceptions!



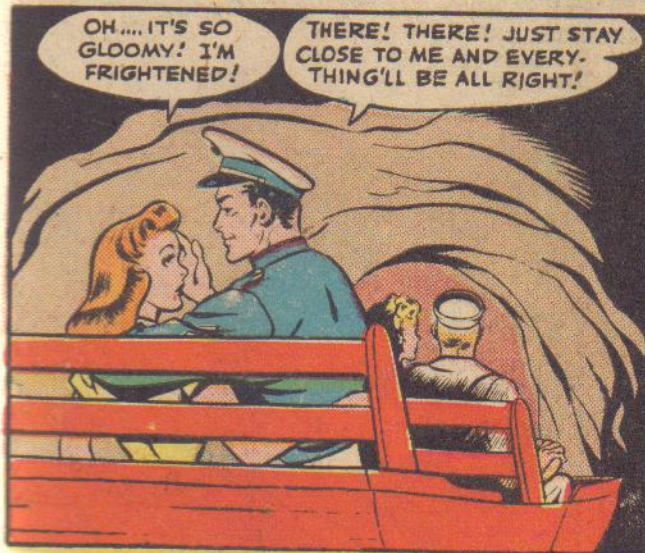
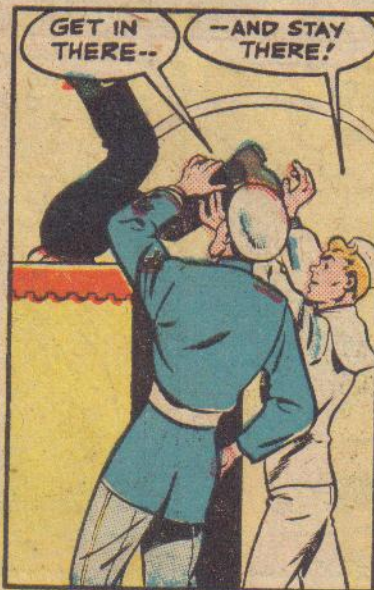
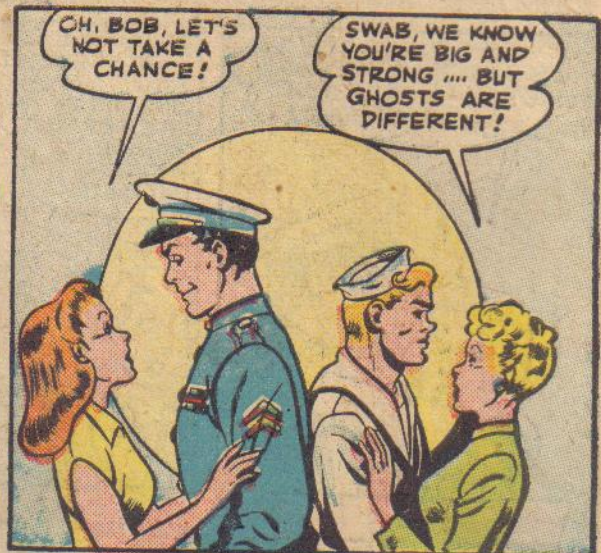


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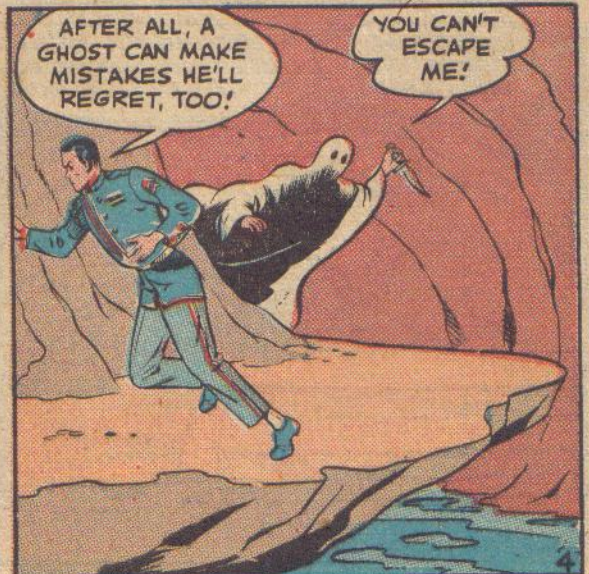
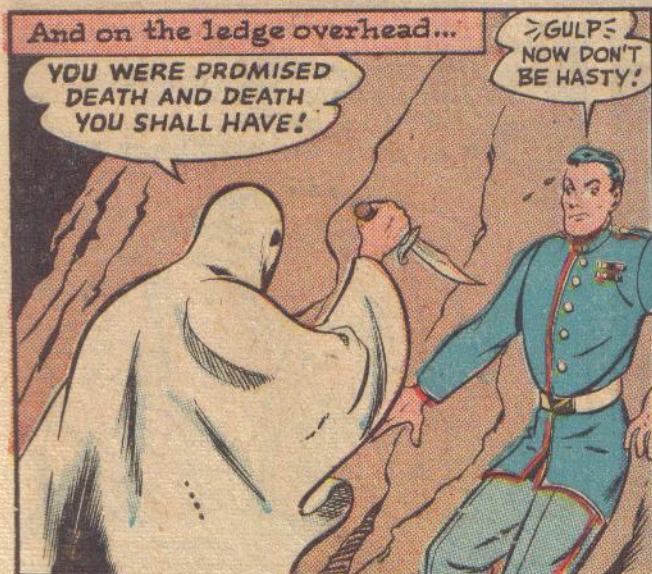
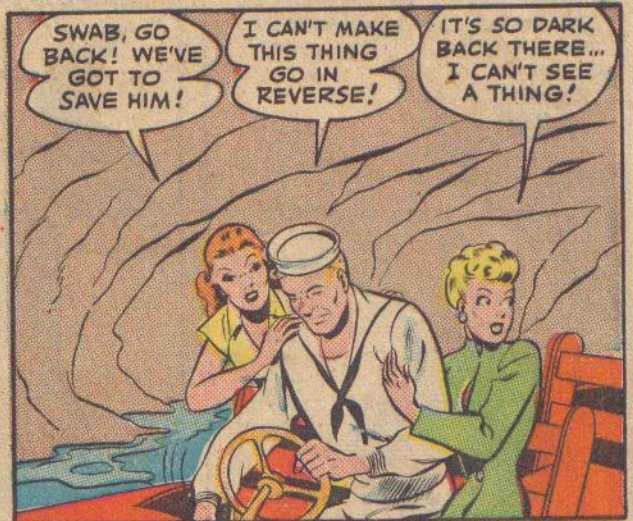
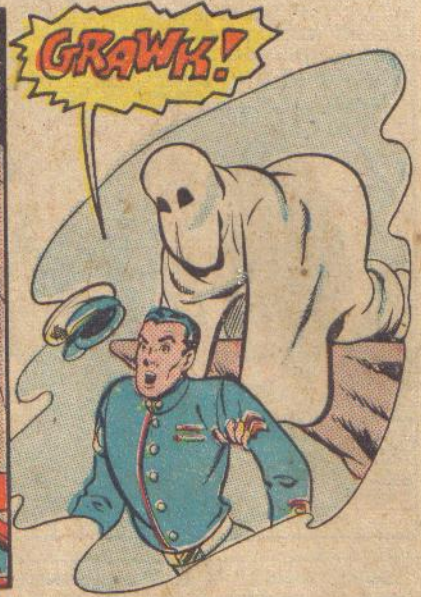


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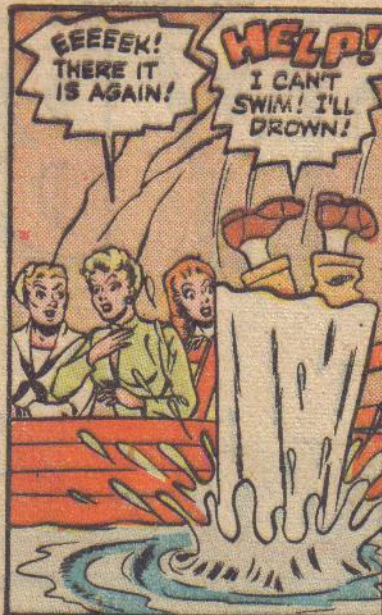




# HIT COMICS









# BETTY BATES

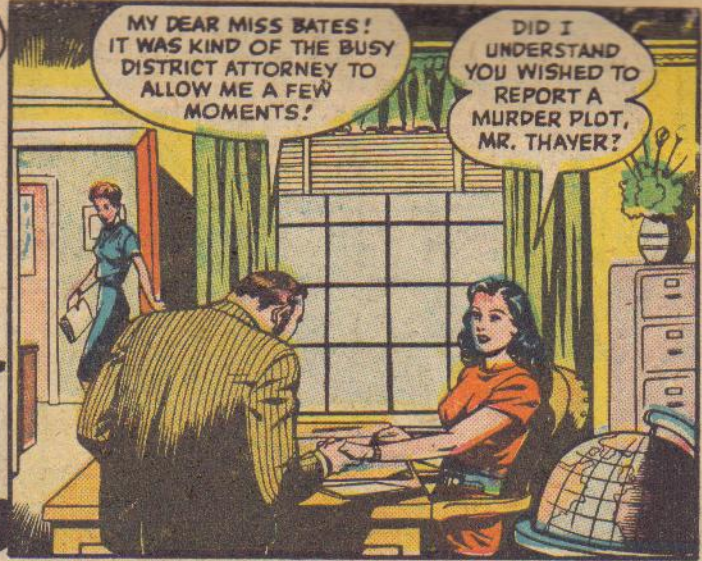
Betty Bates, Lady-at-Law,  
thought she had seen every-  
thing -- until a killer casually tipped  
her off to the murder he had planned!

Then she discovered that she,  
herself, had been selected to do  
the killing! It took all her wits  
to win the deadly game of

**MURDER BY LAW!**









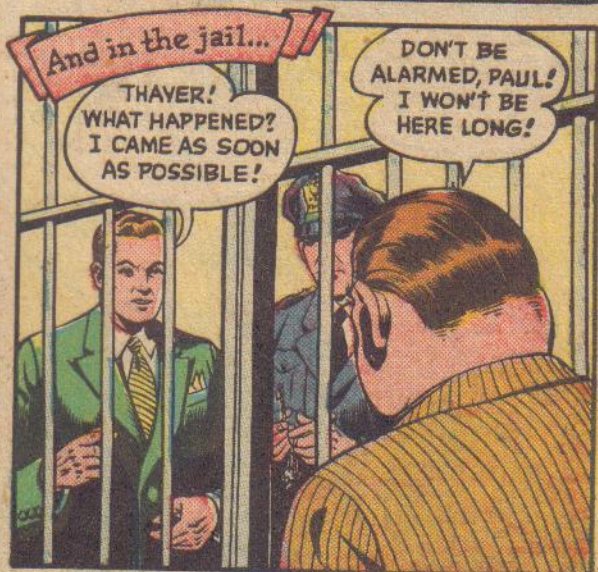
# HIT COMICS







SAY! HE SOUNDED AS IF HE **WANTED** ME TO HAVE HIM LOCKED UP! AM I PLAYING INTO HIS HANDS? OR IS HE BLUFFING, TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME INTO LETTING HIM GO FREE? I WISH I KNEW!





# HIT COMICS





# HIT COMICS





# HIT COMICS

BUT GETTING YOU FREE WON'T HELP WHILE THAYER'S AT LARGE --AND I CAN'T HOLD HIM HERE FOREVER! HE'S OUT TO GET YOU AND WE MUST STOP HIM --- BUT **HOW?**



NOW I'D LIKE TO SEE THAYER, ANDY!

IT'S TOO LATE, MISS BATES! HIS LAWYER GOT HIM OUT ON BAIL NOT MORE THAN TEN MINUTES AGO! WE HAVE HIS HOME ADDRESS, THOUGH!



HE'S CLEVER! BUT HE MADE ONE MISTAKE --IN THINKING ANY MAN COULD GUESS WHAT A WOMAN IS GOING TO DO NEXT! AND WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WILL PROBABLY COST ME MY JOB!



I'M COMING IN, THAYER! THIS IS A SHOWDOWN!

ER --- BUT IT'S RATHER LATE, MISS BATES, AND I'M TIRED!



I DIDN'T ASK YOU --- I TOLD YOU! I'M COMING IN!

OWOOOFF!



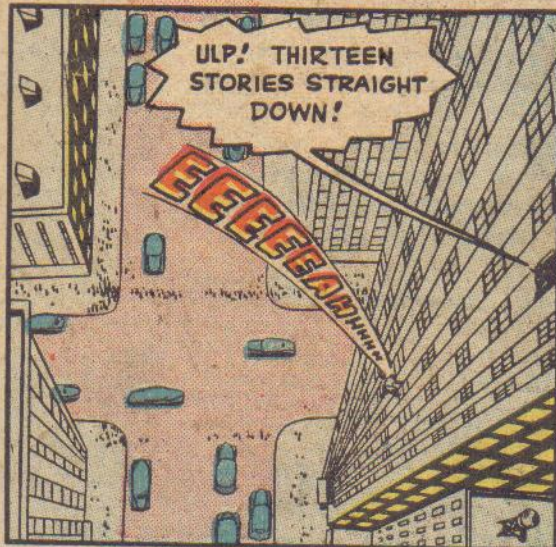
NOW, CONFESS YOU WANTED BENDT DEAD BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN ROBBING THE COMPANY! IF YOU DON'T, I'LL FORGET I'M A LADY AND A D.A.!

HA-HA! ARE YOU THREATENING ME WITH VIOLENCE?





# HIT COMICS





# HER HIGHNESS



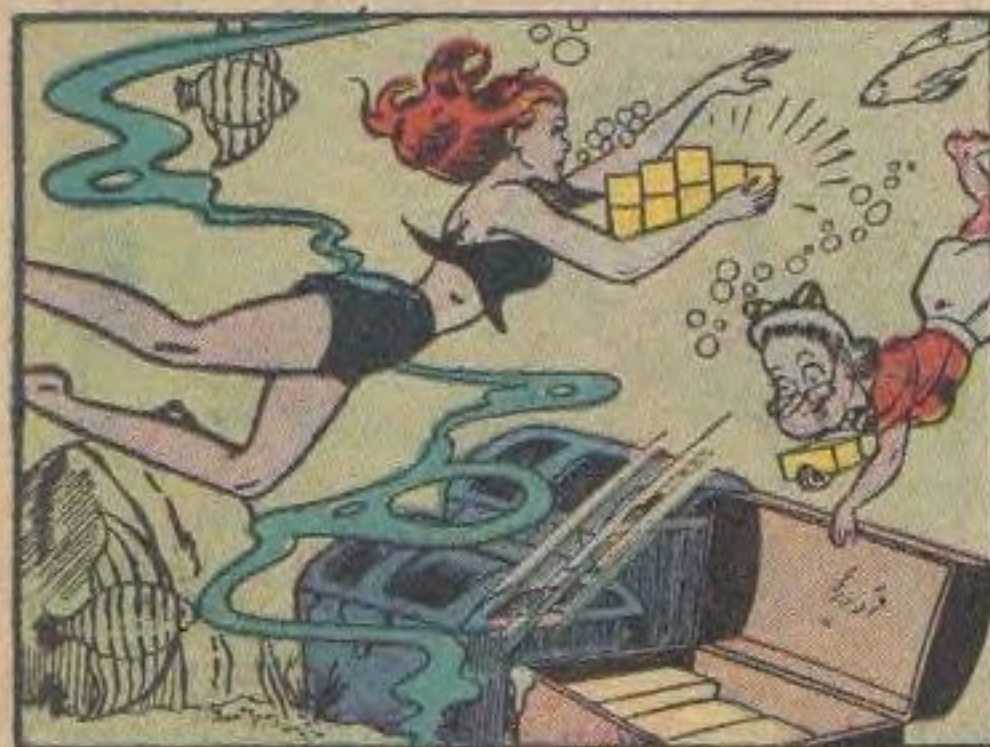


















# BIG BROTHER

MITIE, GET OFF THERE! THE PILOT'S GOING TO TURN OVER THAT PROPELLER!

AW, BIG, I JUST WANNA GO AROUND A COUPL'A TIMES TO SEE IF IT'S LIKE A MERRY-GO-ROUND!



**Big Feller seeks a job! Mitie Feller seeks adventure! Between them, the devoted brothers manage to keep life from becoming dull....**

HURRY UP THERE, BIG! THIS SHIP'S TAKING OFF IN FIVE MINUTES TO SET A SPEED RECORD!

YES, SIR!

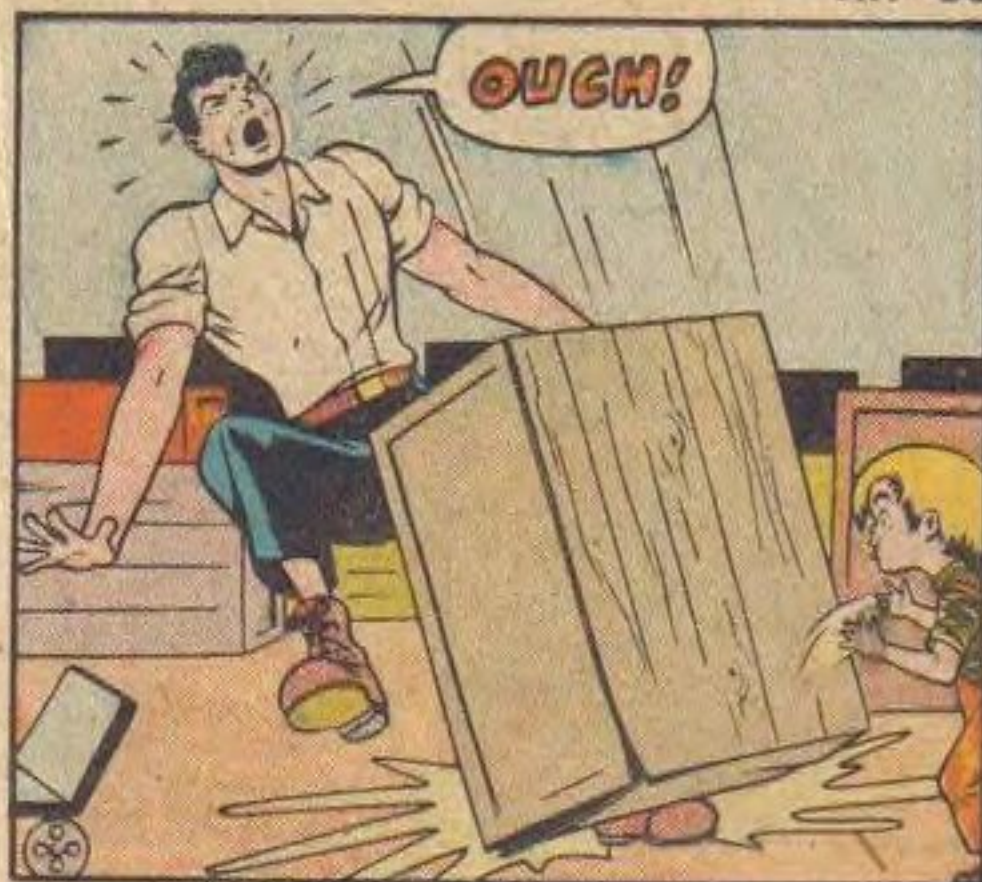


BOY, ISN'T IT SOMETHING TO BE LOADING A CARGO PLANE THAT'S GOING INTO A RACE WITH PLANES FROM OTHER AIRPORTS?

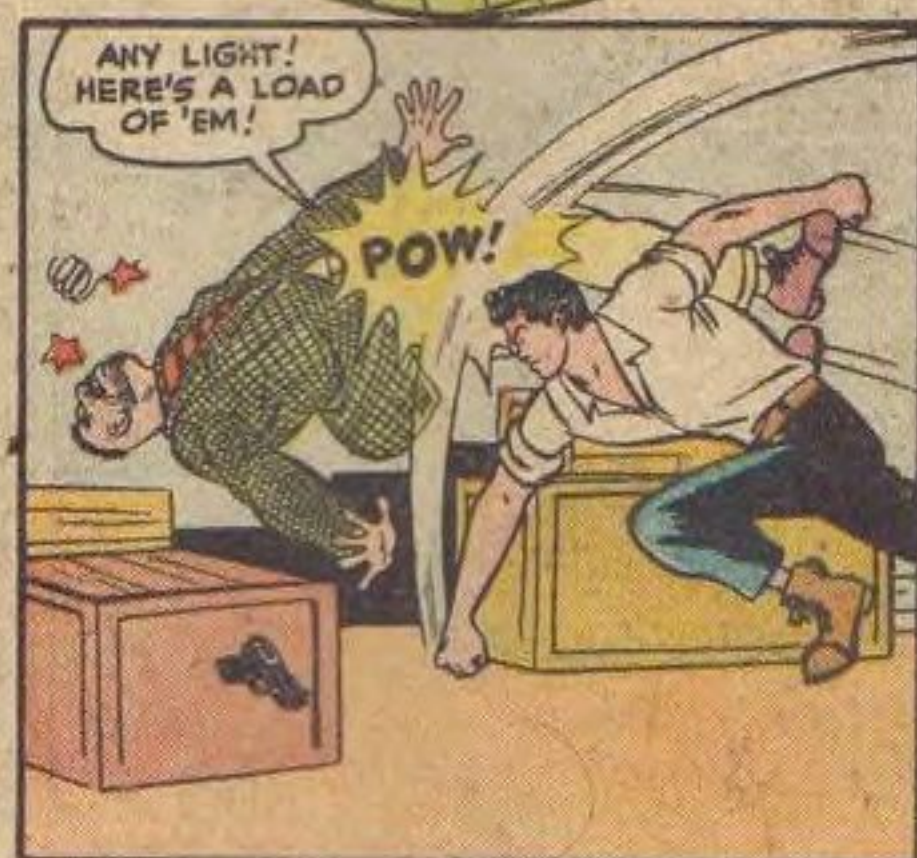
SURE, BUT IT'D BE MORE FUN TO BE FLYING ONE!









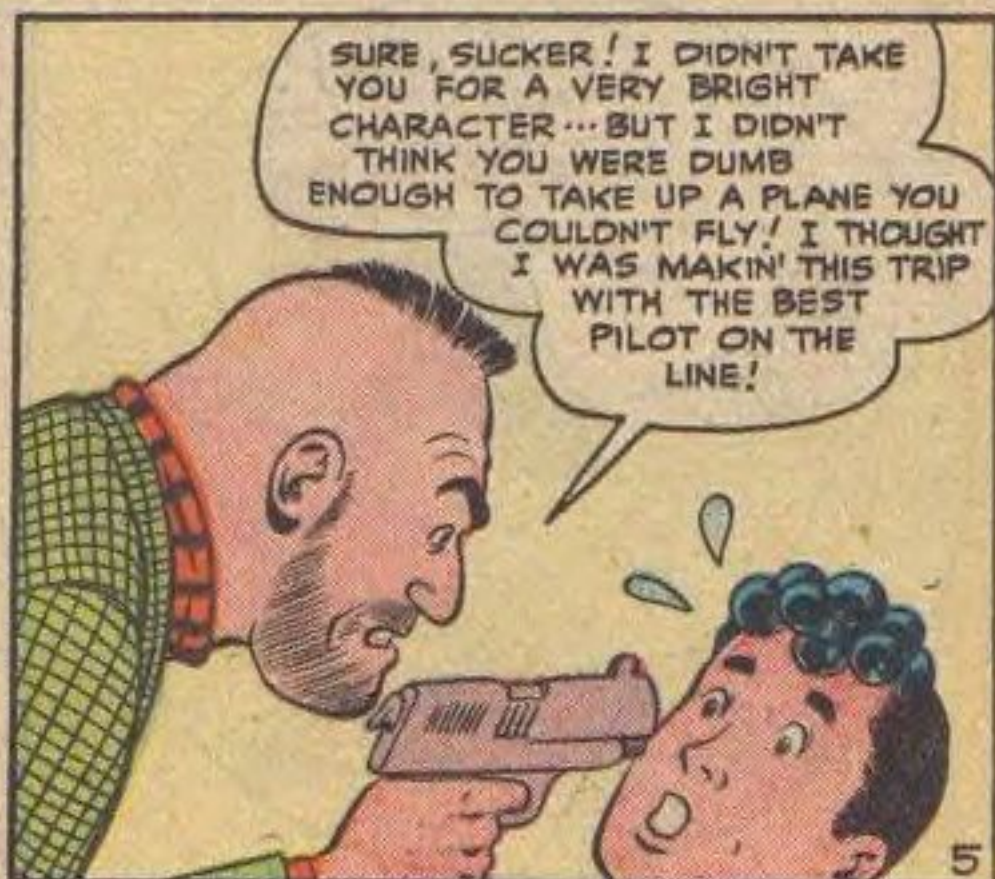




# HIT COMICS

















A FISH HOOK! I STRAIGHTENED IT OUT LIKE AN ARROW! I KNEW I MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF WEAPON ON ME!





# The HOODED ONE

WHEN Clate Roan slid off his horse in front of the Dollar Sign, he felt the strangeness that seemed to shroud this little cattle town. There was no one on the street. The buildings looked bare and empty.

Clate knew, however, that plenty went on behind those false fronts. The gambling, the shootings, the intrigues, the hate.

And now he had come here to try and find The Hooded One—evil menace of the whole border.

The Hooded One! The very name reeked of hate and menace and mystery. Clate wasn't one to let his imagination play tricks on him but he knew that this task was the biggest and most dangerous he had ever tackled.

Where to start, was the question. What to start on. Stopping at the livery stable, he had put a few questions to the stolid boy who managed there.

"The Hooded One?" said the boy, looking scared. "Me, I don't know nothin' about him. You ask Sheriff Tanner."

It was the dust-off, all right. The boy wasn't talking.

Sheriff Tanner wasn't much better.

"He's been operatin' hereabouts for nigh on two years now," said the official. "But I don't know nothin' about him an' his gang. He raids the border ranches reg'larly, an' that's that."

"But haven't you tried to run him down?" Clate asked.

"Sure. I've drawn a bead on the big un three times. But you think my bullets hurt him? Not that un! Bullets don't harm him a-tall."

Clate grinned. "Sounds a bit mysterious."

"Call it what you will, young feller. But you'll find, if you tackle that hombre, there's a lot of trouble waitin' fer you."

"Is there anybody who can tell me anything about him or his gang?" Clate asked.

"Search me." The sheriff spread horny hands in the well known gesture. "Ain't nobody's seen

his face, if that's what you mean. Looks like a big chink, he does."

Clate took up headquarters in the town's only hotel and prepared to do some waiting. There was little he could do except wait until something happened. The town kept mum about The Hooded One. Everyone was scared out of his wits.

The Lolita y Sola Rancho was raided two days after Clate's arrival in Mill Run. Several hundred head of cattle had been run off and two cowboys had been shot out of their saddles. The sheriff and his posse had arrived, as usual, long after the dirty work was accomplished.

Clate rode out to the ranch, fifteen miles from town, a day later and interviewed the men.

"Came down on us just at sundown," said one of the fellows. "More'n fifty of 'em, all shootin' like fiends. Stampeded the cattle and knocked two of the boys out of their saddles. They was only six of us."

"Are the two wounded boys in much danger?"

"One died this mornin'," said the cowboy. "Bumpu's still hangin' on. Mebbe he'll get well."

His casualness was typical. On the range, death ran a good race with everyday life. It has ever been thus.

"Where did they take the cows?" Clate asked.

"Over the border," replied the waddie. "You can't never trace 'em; all rock down thataway on the other side."

Clate studied a moment. "I guess no one has any idea where this hooded chap hangs out, huh?"

The cowboy shrugged. "Only guesses. He's holed up in the mountains somewhere, but you can't run him down. Mostly rock up there; no trails."

"Did anyone ever shoot one of his men?" Clate next asked.

"Several of 'em have been knocked over," replied the cowboy. "Strangers. Nobody ever



seen 'em in these parts."

"They didn't talk?"

The cowboy grinned. "Mister, they couldn't. They was all daid!"

Clate went back to his hotel and fell into a dark-brown study. This wasn't getting anywhere. The next day he talked to two Rangers. They gave him the same story. The Hooded One had been seen, fired upon, but never apprehended. He was slippery as an eel.

"Big reward out for him, too," said the Ranger. "Ten thousand dead or alive."

Clate started to move off, then he turned.

"I'll collect that reward, gentlemen," he said quietly.

The Rangers laughed. "Good luck," one called.

Clate stalked away. The trouble with everybody hereabouts was that they took the thing too lightly. They accepted the situation as something over which they knew they had no control. Well, it was going to be a different story, once he had a lead!

He got his lead that evening. An Indian he had hired as a scout (without telling anyone in town) reported to him just after sunset that the Hooded One and his gang were gathered about six miles from a big ranch that lay on the Sweetwater River, nine miles away.

"I'll get a posse," Clate said.

The Indian shook his head. "Posse go mountain trail two hour ago. Mebbeso Arrow Hawk trail 'em."

"Yes," said Clate. "You'd better trail them and tell the sheriff where the gang is gathered. Perhaps he can get there in time."

The Indian, without a word, vanished silently in the growing darkness.

Clate went into the hotel, buckled on his gun, and left by the rear door. At the livery stable he said hello to the dumb boy, got his horse and rode off.

By easy stages, he reached the vicinity of the Sweetwater in an hour and a half. He got off his horse in a clump of bushes and prepared for a long wait. The outlaws would probably attack the ranch around midnight, their usual time.

Clate wished he knew their numbers. He wished he could get a look at them. But the night was dark. There were no campfires.

Toward eleven, the sheriff and posse rode up quietly, led by the Indian, Arrow Hawk.

"Where are they?" said Tanner.

"I don't know exactly," said Clate. "Maybe Arrow Hawk will check." The Indian left silently. In a few minutes he was back.

"They ride now toward the ranch," he reported.

"Come on," whispered the sheriff.

But nobody had figured on the speed with which the Hooded One and his gang of cutthroats worked. By the time they arrived near the ranch, a score of guns were booming and a great herd of cattle was making the ground shake under the flying hooves.

"Gosh," said the sheriff, "the devils have got them cattle started already. Let's get in there, boys!"

In the semi-gloom it was hard picking friend from foe. But at length Clate saw the raiders, in a compact group, riding like mad behind the stolen cattle. He led the pursuit. I hope, he said to himself, that the Hooded One doesn't get killed. I'd like to see that chap.

Three of the posse were shot out of the saddle in the running fight that ensued. The Hooded One was streaking for the hills on a big white horse. The moon came up as the gigantic figure mounted a rise, the moon behind him. He was perfectly silhouetted against the bright light.

The sheriff's rifle spoke. They saw the big man jerk. But still he sat his horse. Again the gun roared. The horse collapsed. The giant came bounding down the cliff, to lay still at the bottom. They reached him in a few seconds.

Clate tore off the disguise he knew the man was wearing. It was a frightful Chinese mask. But strangest of all was the fact that his figure was built up, with fake shoulders and head so that he must have stood at least eight feet tall.

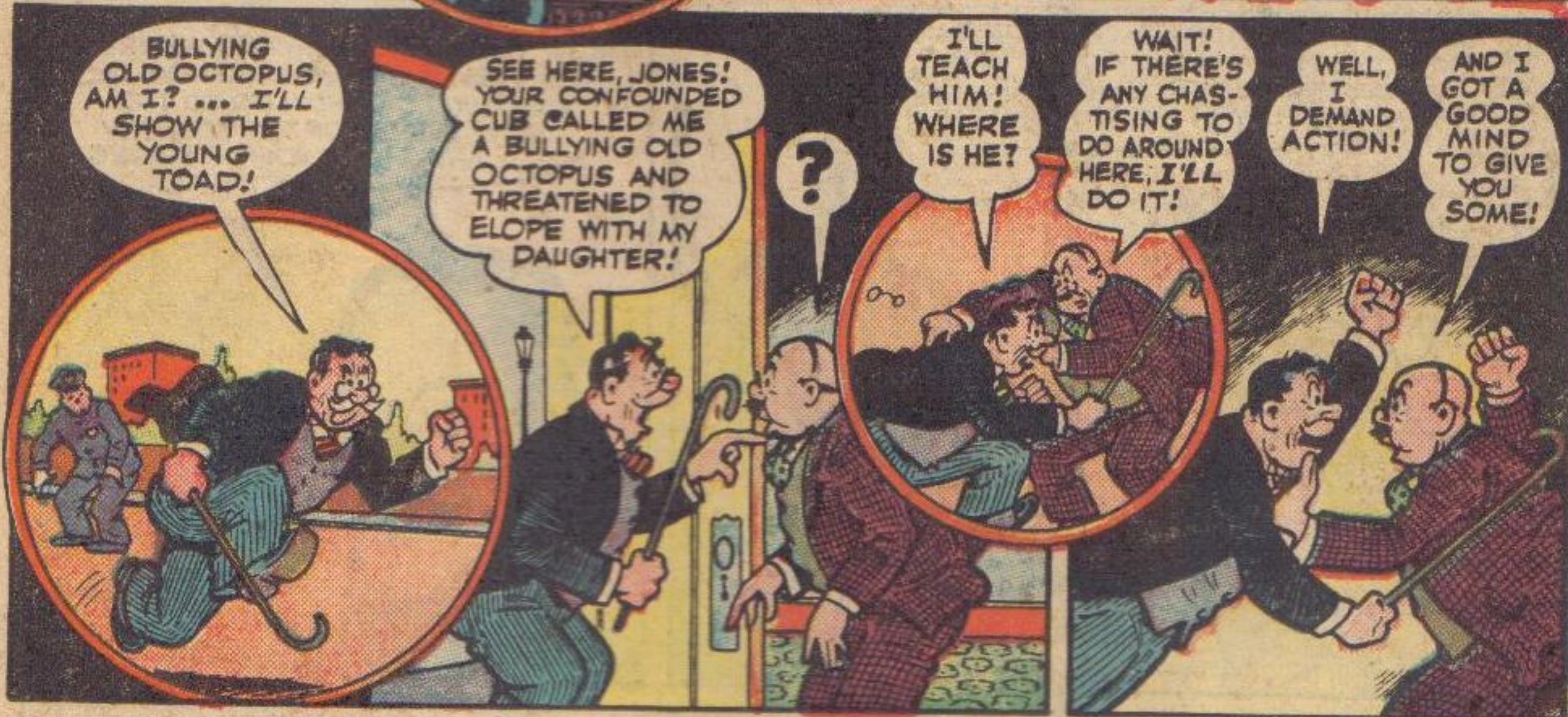
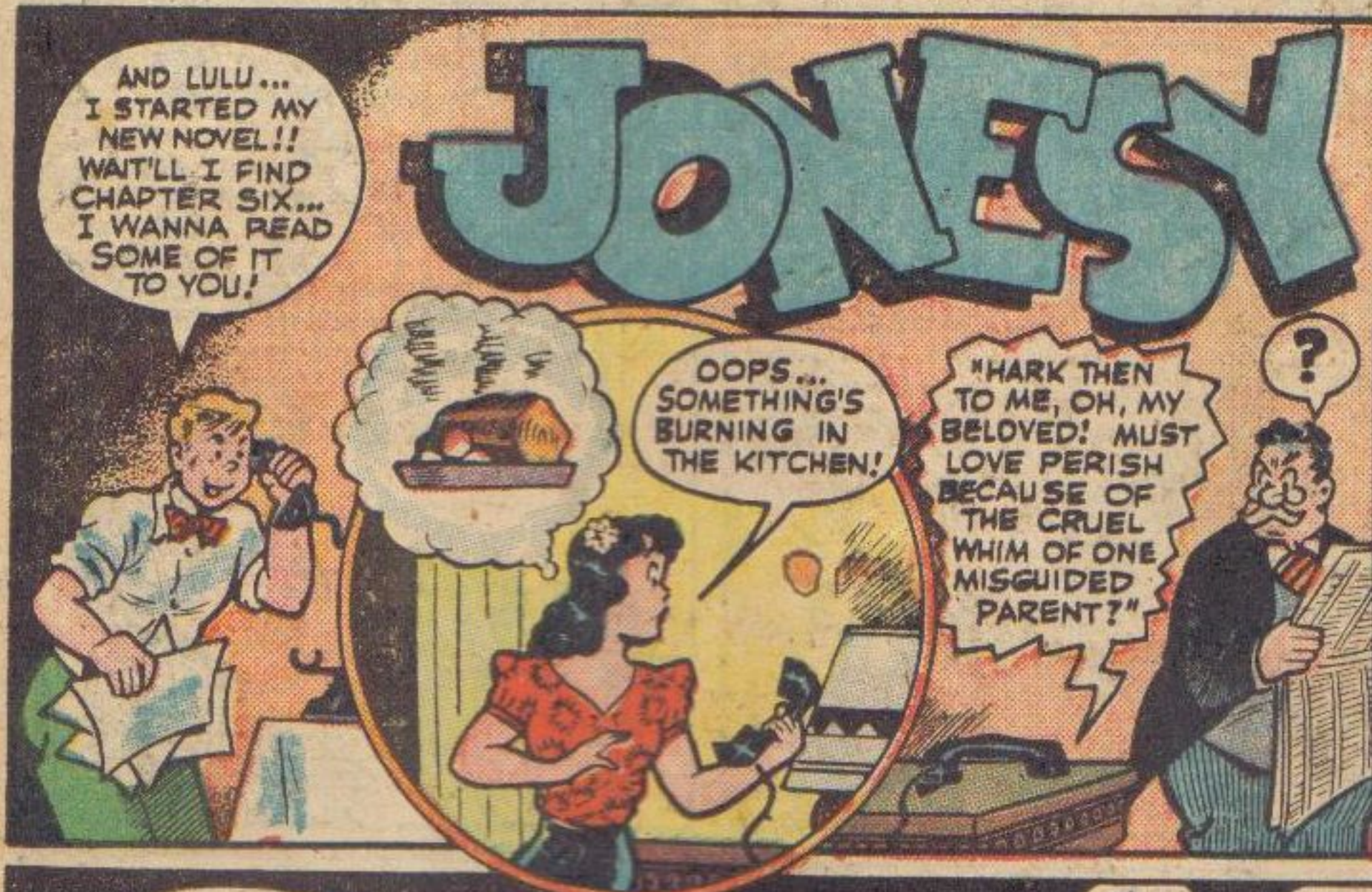
"Look," said Clate as he revealed the steel armor the man was wearing. "Bullet proof." But it was soon found that the sheriff's bullet had stunned him. The armor was deeply dented right over the heart. The fall had broken the outlaw's neck.

"Know him?" asked Clate of the sheriff.

The latter nodded. "Course. It's Sy Breen, old John Breen's son—he's the banker."

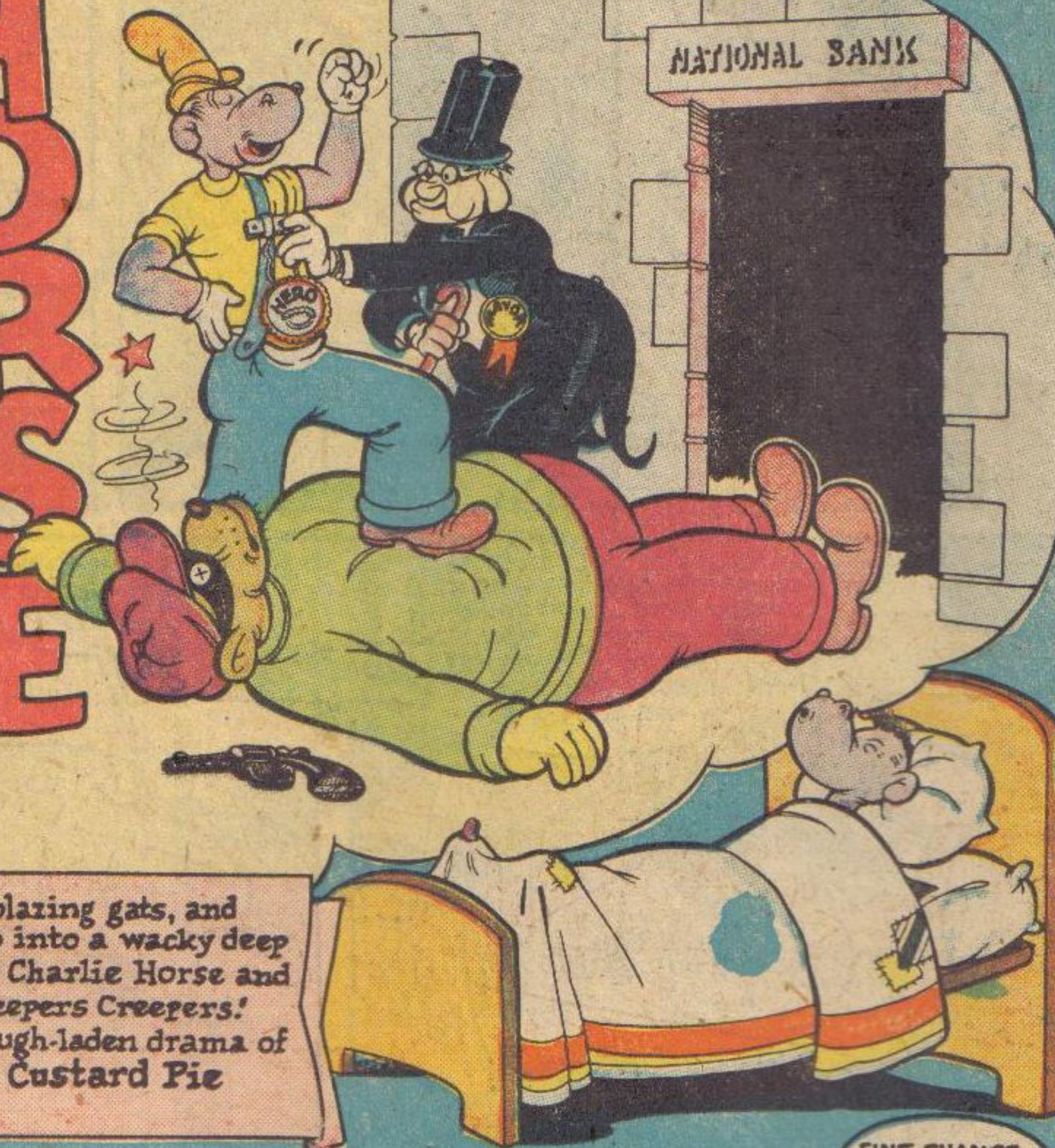


# JONESY





# CHARLIE HORSE



Cornered bandit, blazing gats, and plenty of dough go into a wacky deep dish pie baked by Charlie Horse and his screwy pal, Jeepers Creepers! A rip-roaring, laugh-laden drama of Charlie Horse's Custard Pie Capture!



TANGLE FEET WITH KILLER McGEE AND YOU'LL WIND UP FEET FIRST, CHARLIE! WOO! WOO!

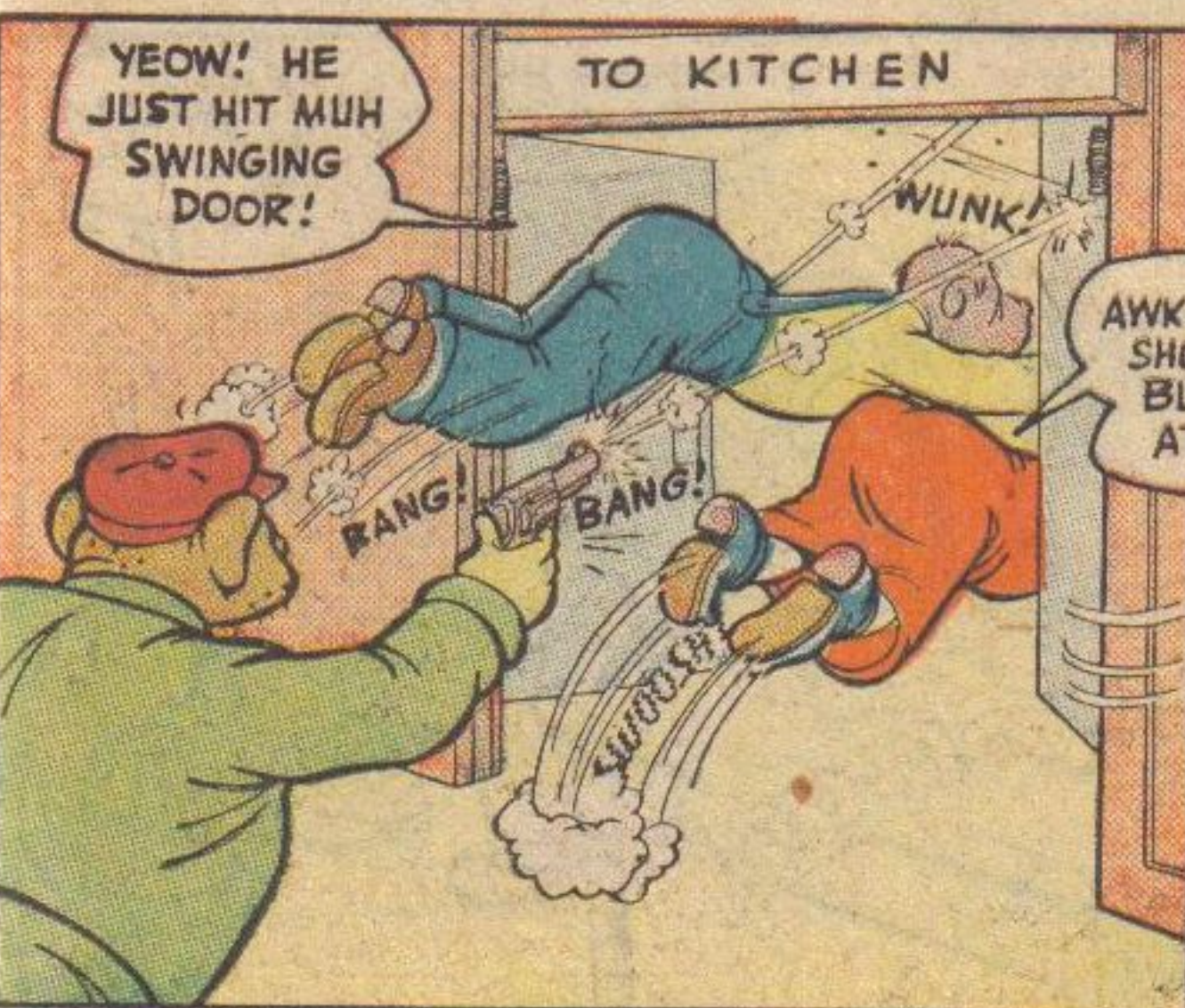
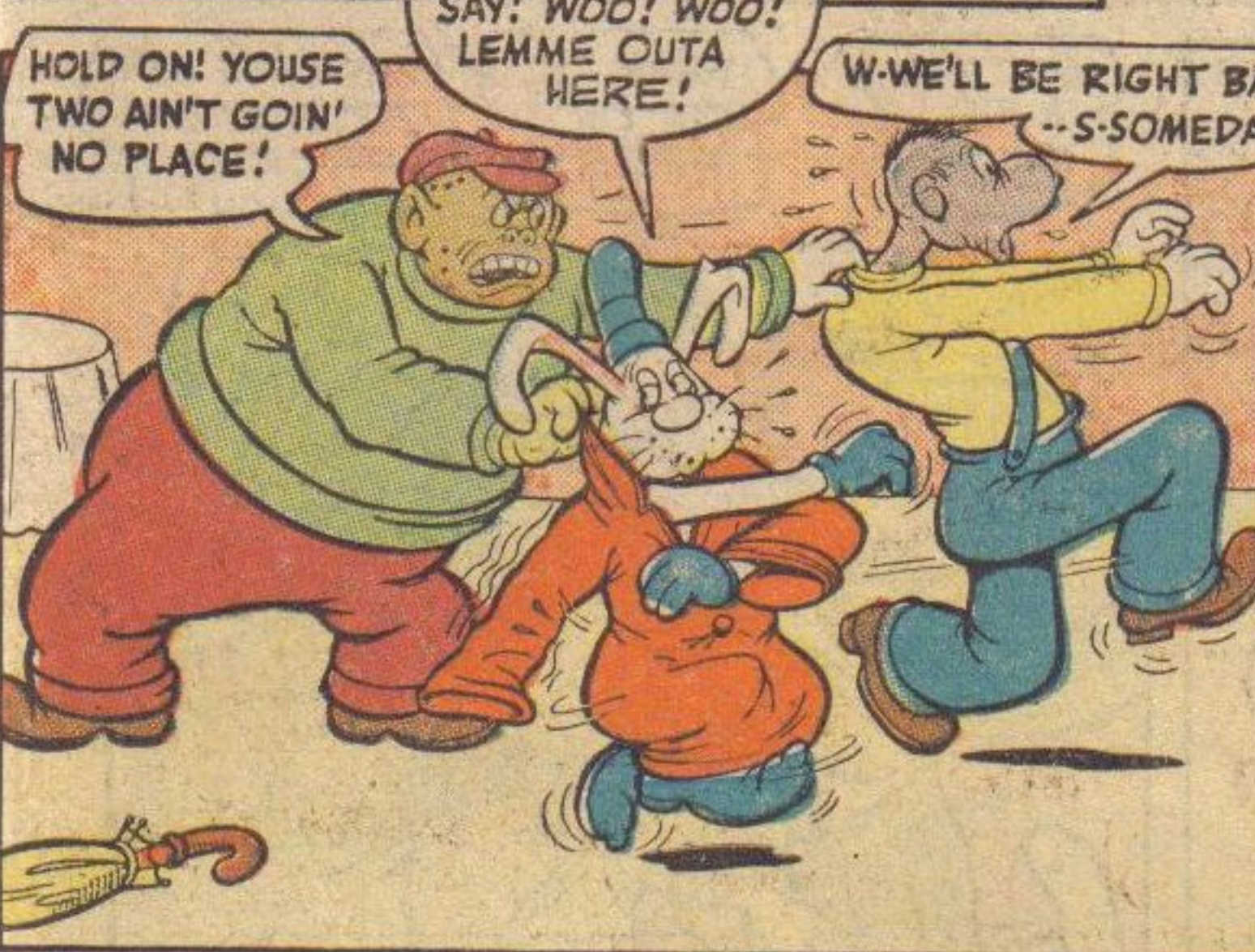
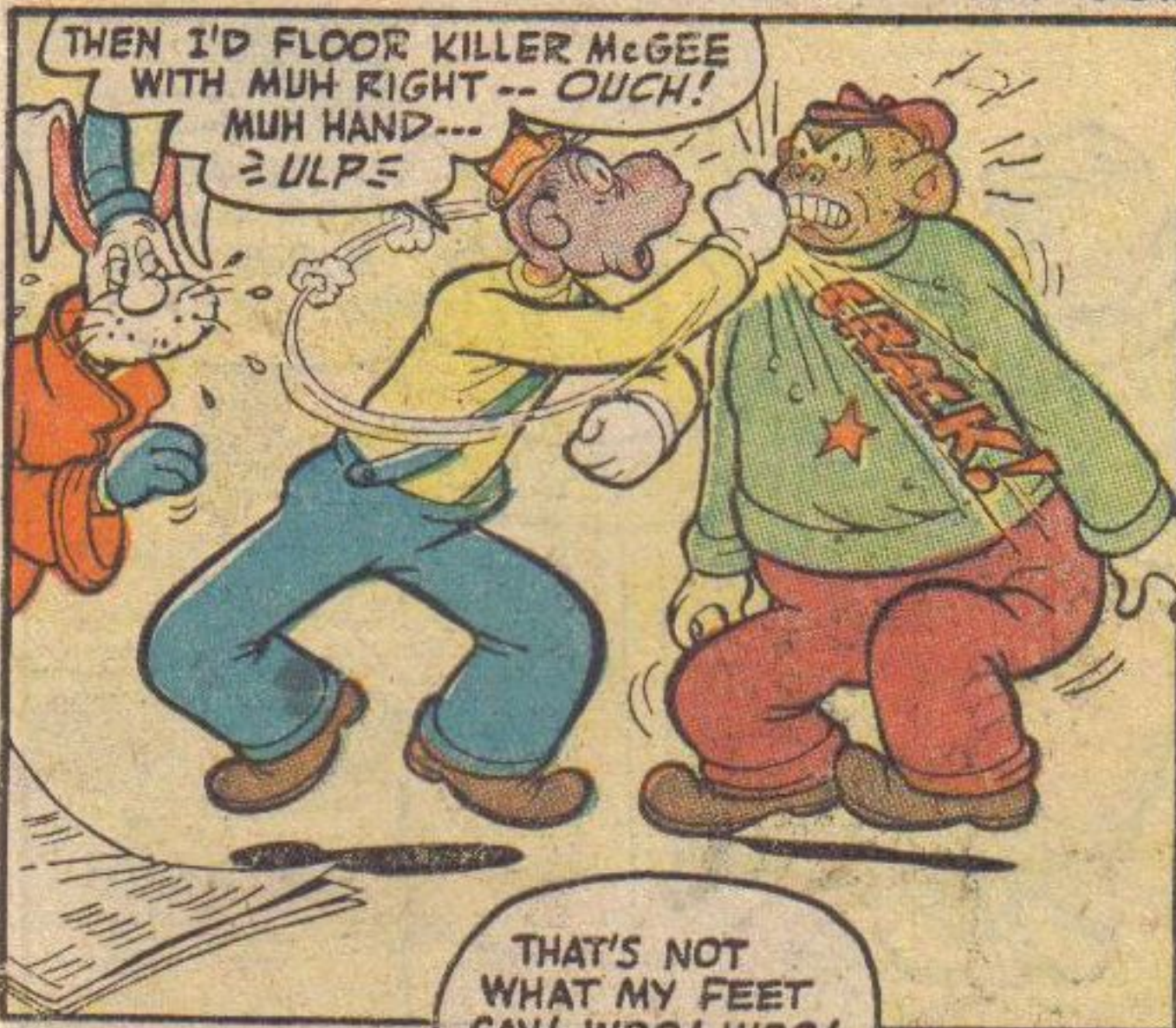
CHARLIE HORSE'S TREE TRUNK INN

KILLER OR NOT, I'D TEAR INTO HIM LIKE THIS!

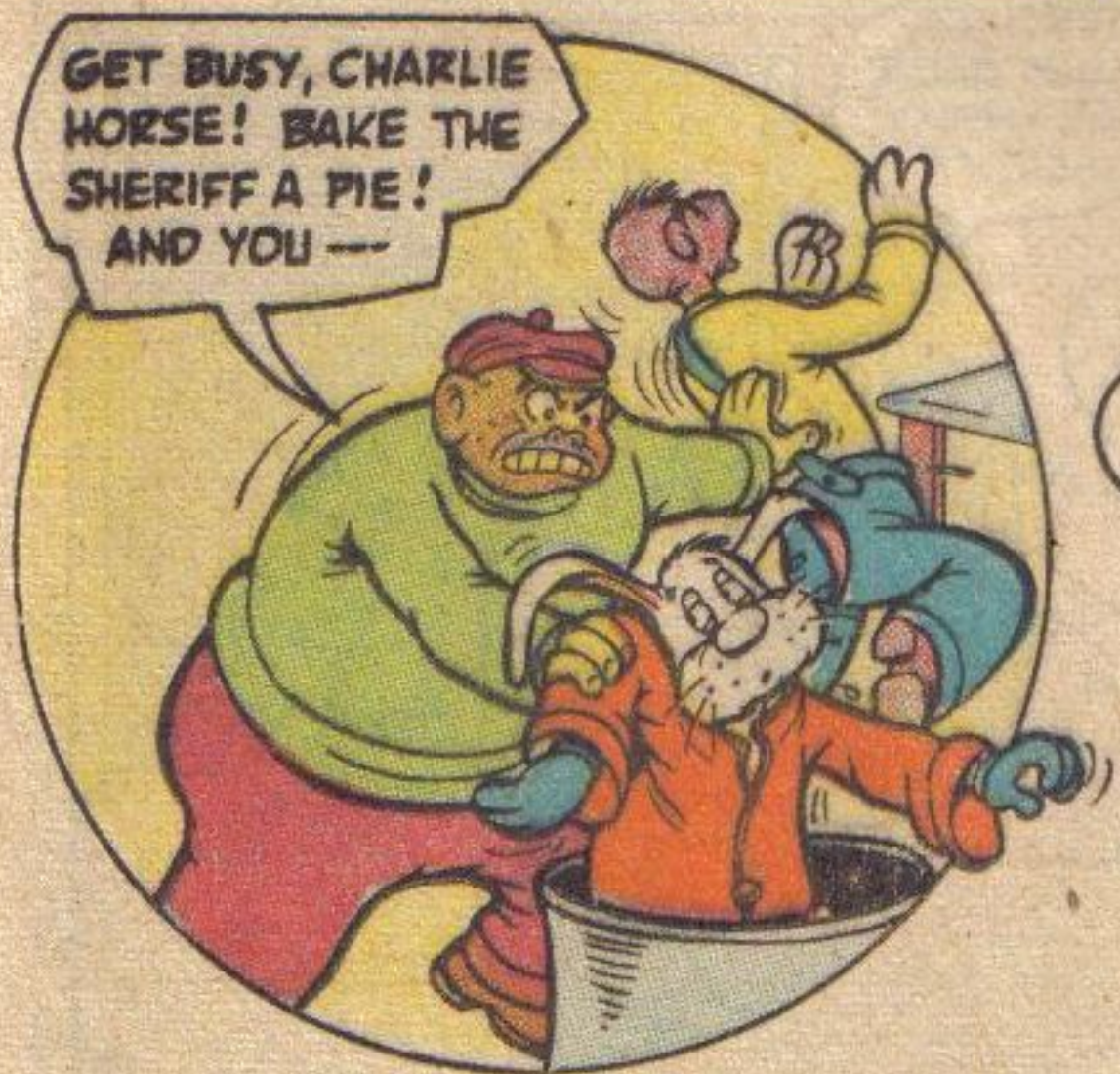
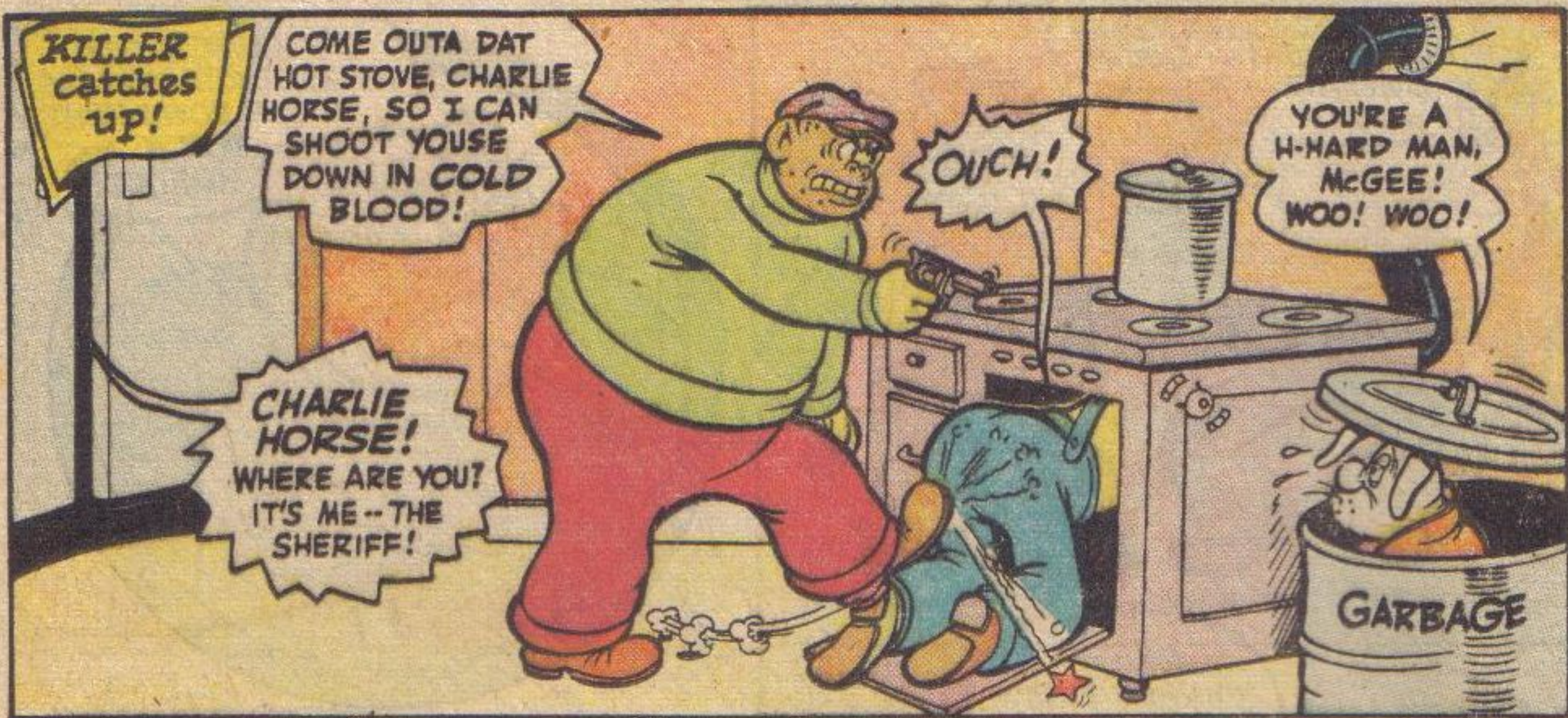
FINE CHANCE WE'VE GOT OF RUNNING INTO THAT BANDIT! YEOW!

Find a hidden head of Charlie Horse on this page!

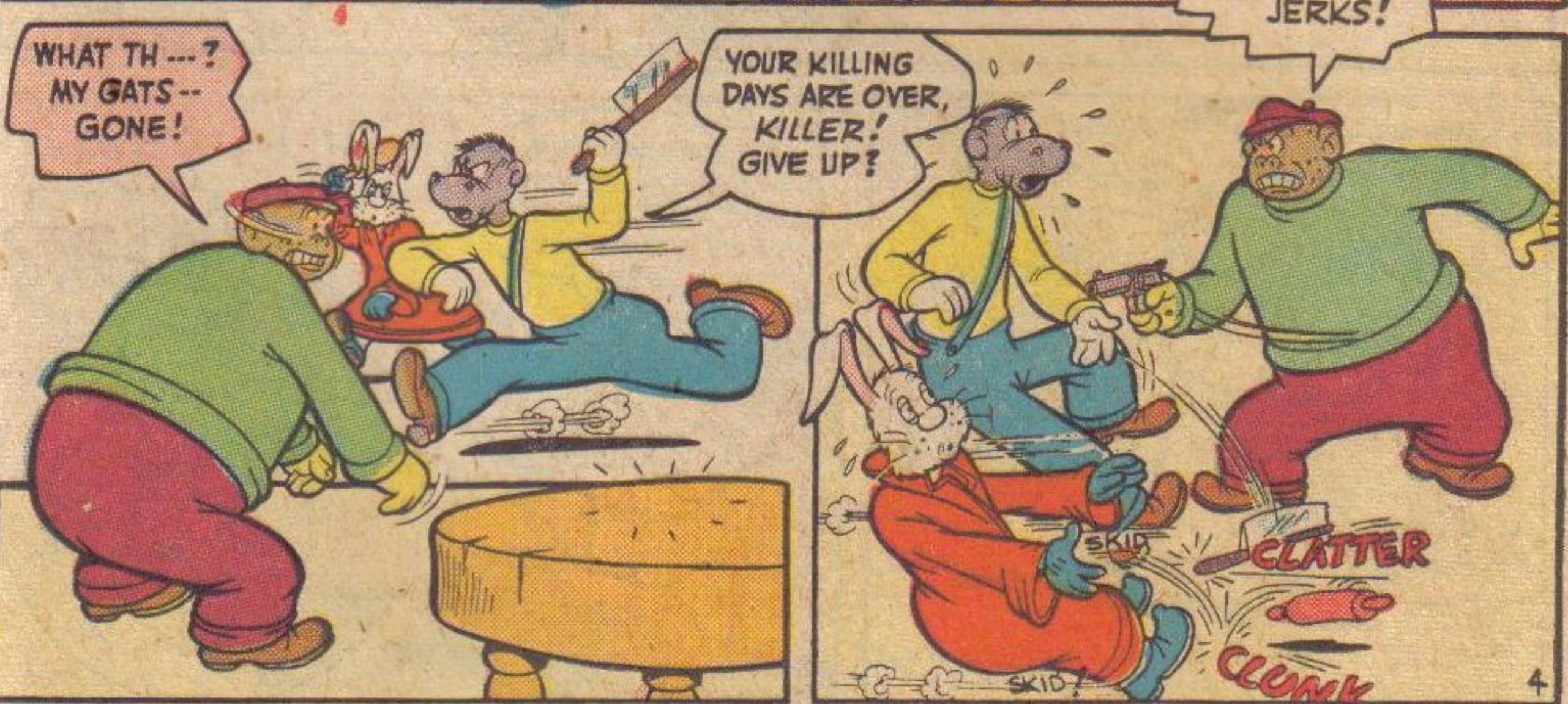
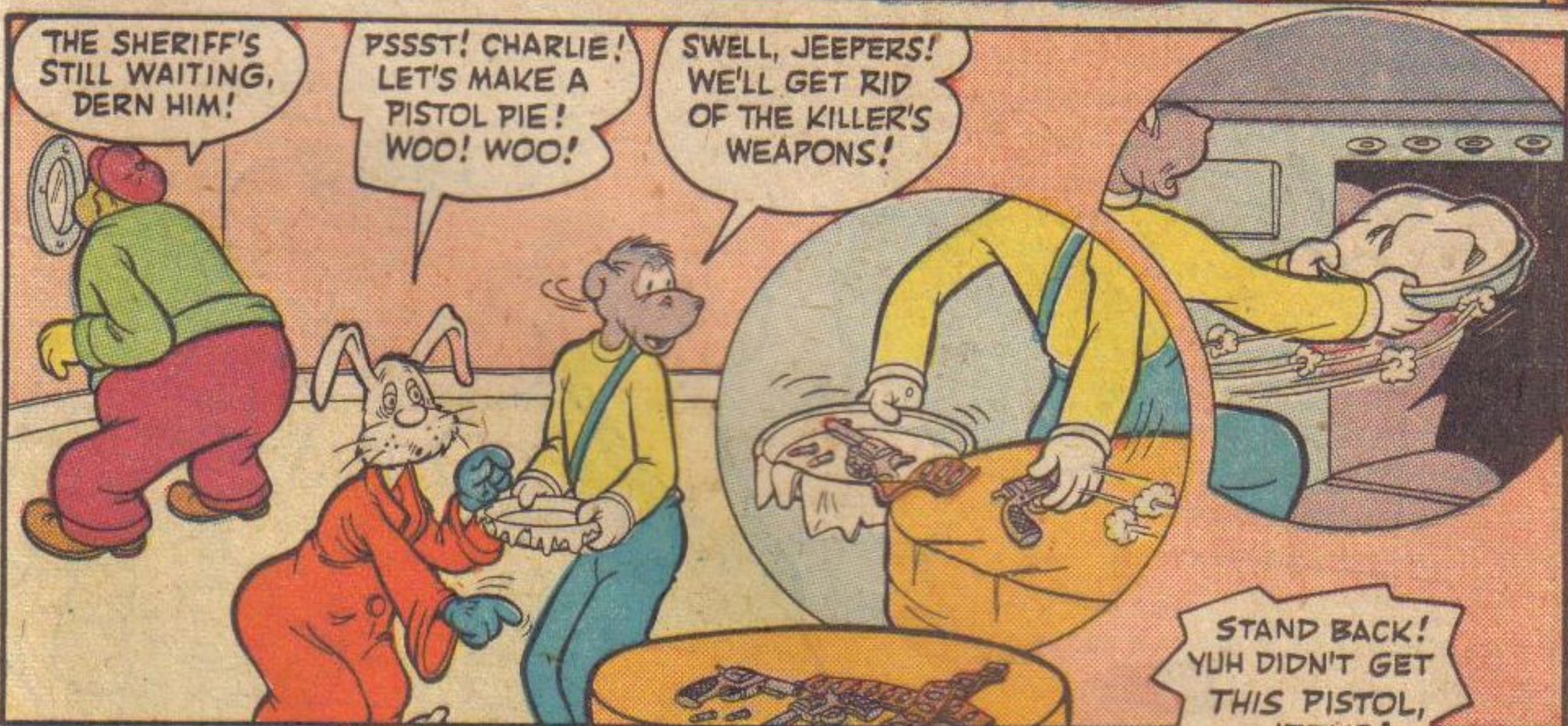








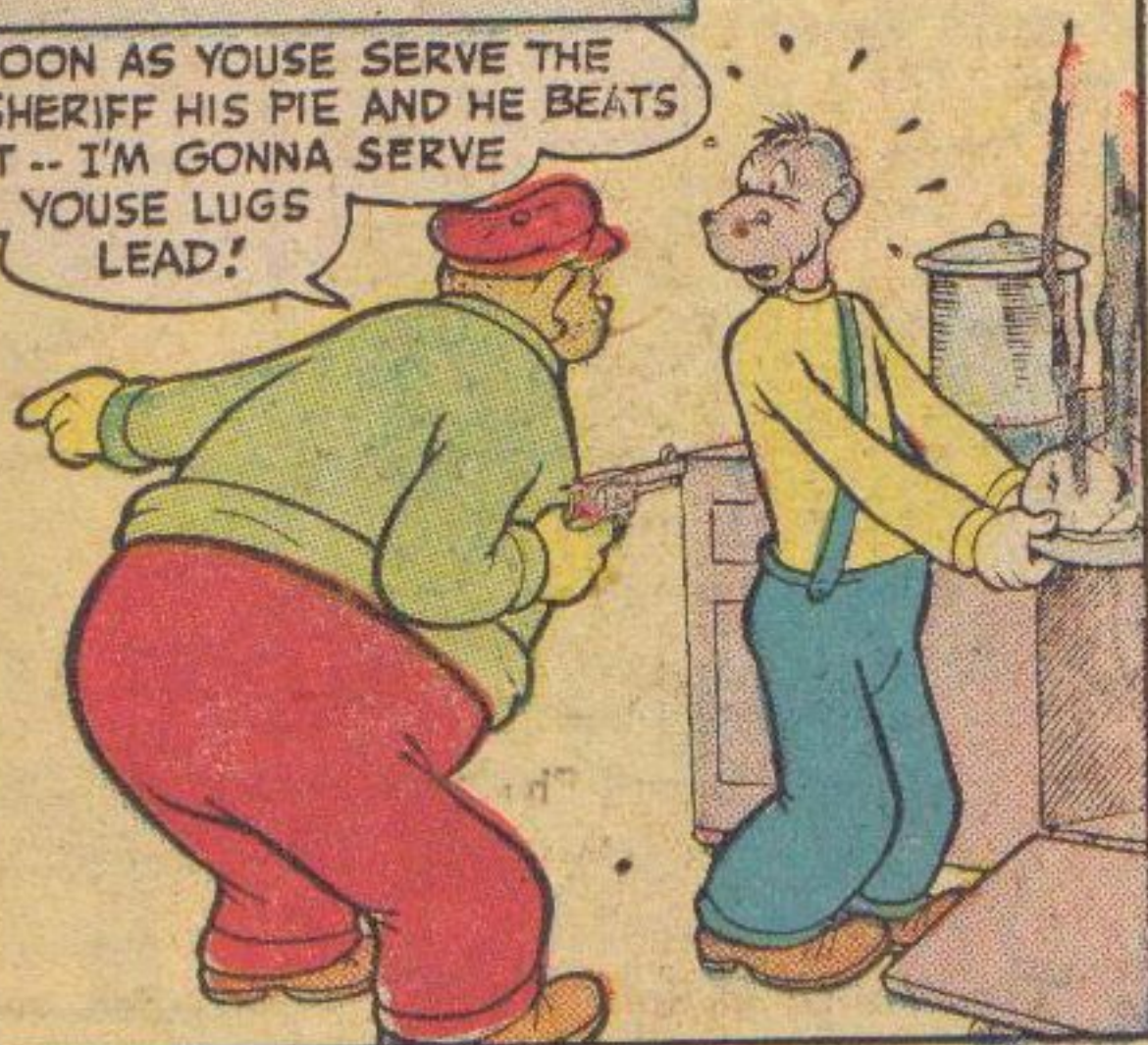






A few minutes later...

SOON AS YOUSE SERVE THE SHERIFF HIS PIE AND HE BEATS IT -- I'M GONNA SERVE YOUSE LUGS LEAD!



GET GOING, CHARLIE HORSE! WHAT TH---? *AWK!*

I'M GOING--- YEOW! DON'T SHOOT!



YEOW! HOLD YOUR FIRE, CHARLIE HORSE!

WHAT FIRE? OW! LEMME OUTA HERE!



HALP! SHERIFF! SAVE ME --- OOF!

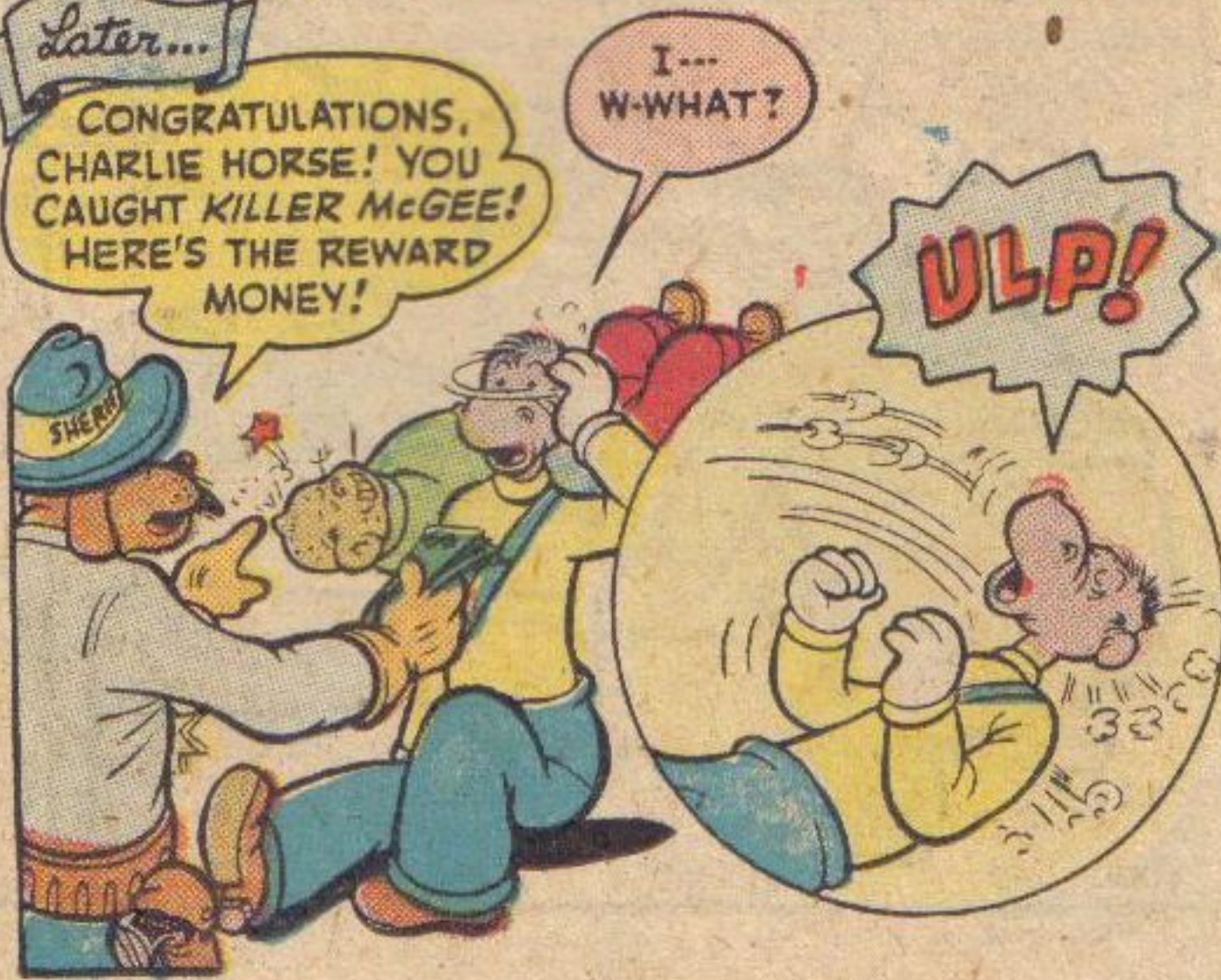
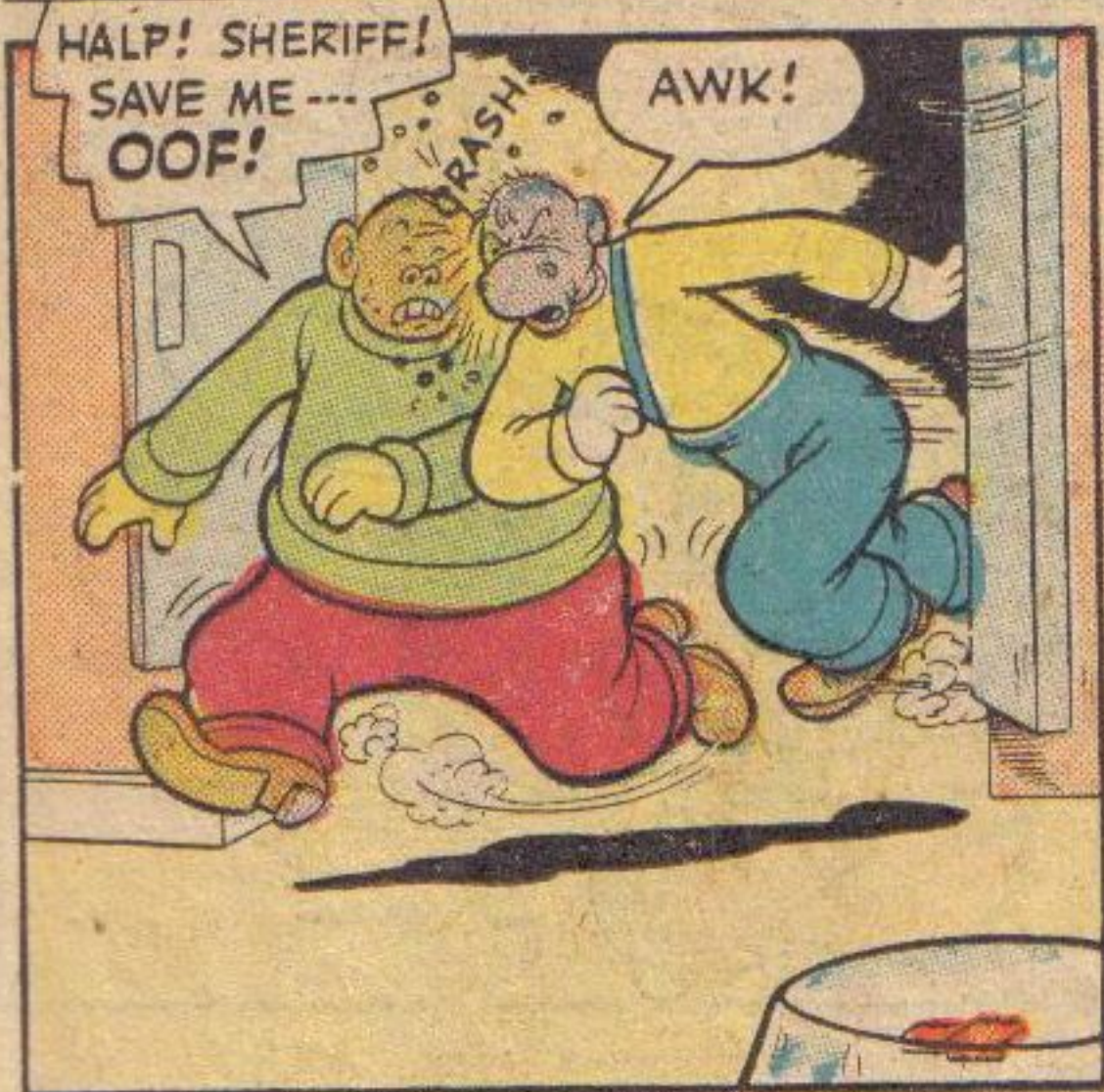
AWK!

Later...

CONGRATULATIONS, CHARLIE HORSE! YOU CAUGHT KILLER MCGEE! HERE'S THE REWARD MONEY!

I--- W-WHAT?

ULP!

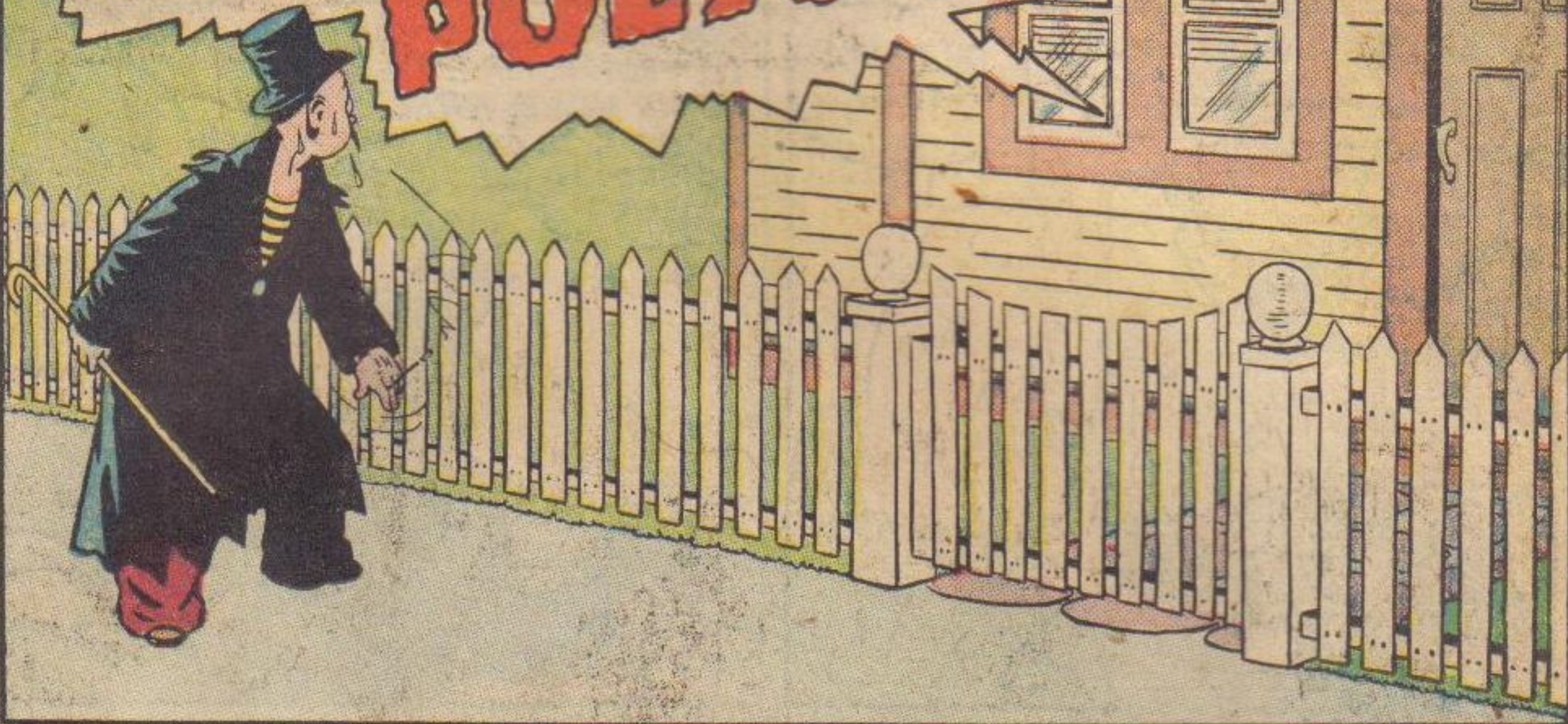




# SIR ROGER



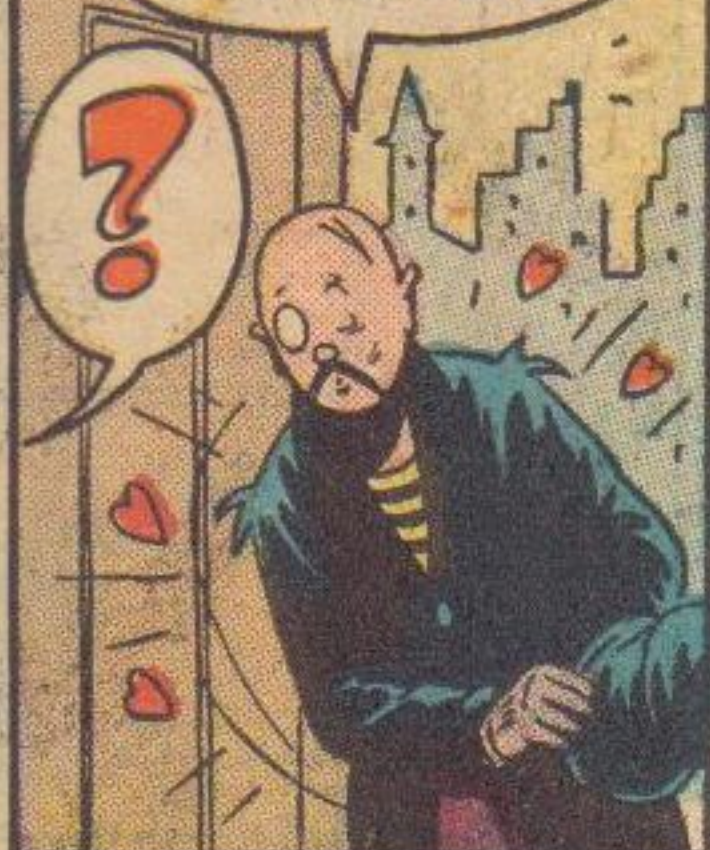
**HELP!  
MURRDER!  
POLICE!**



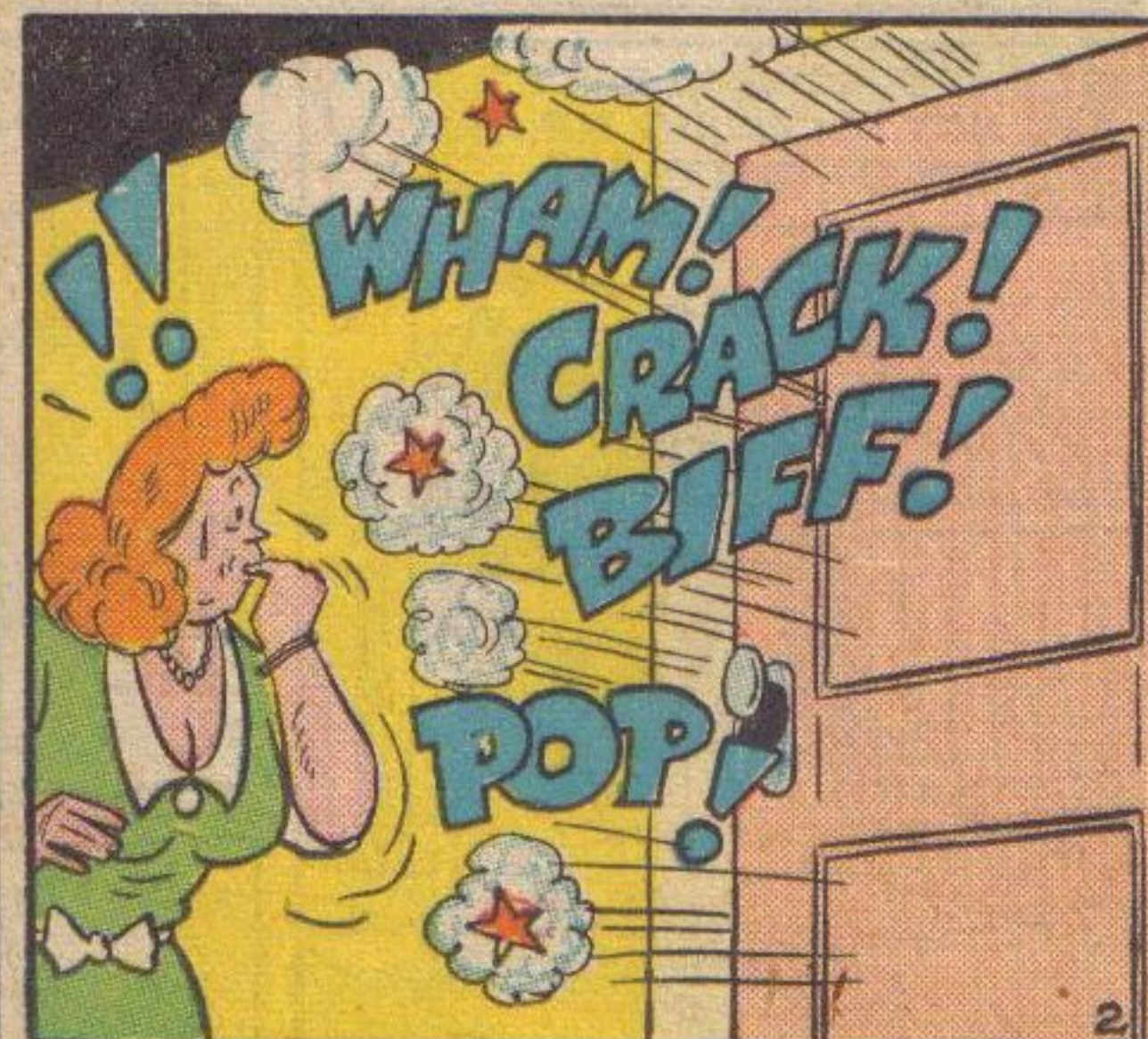
IF MY 4E PUNCTURED EAR DRUMS  
ARE NOT DECEIVING ME, THAT  
IS A CRY OF DISTRESS!



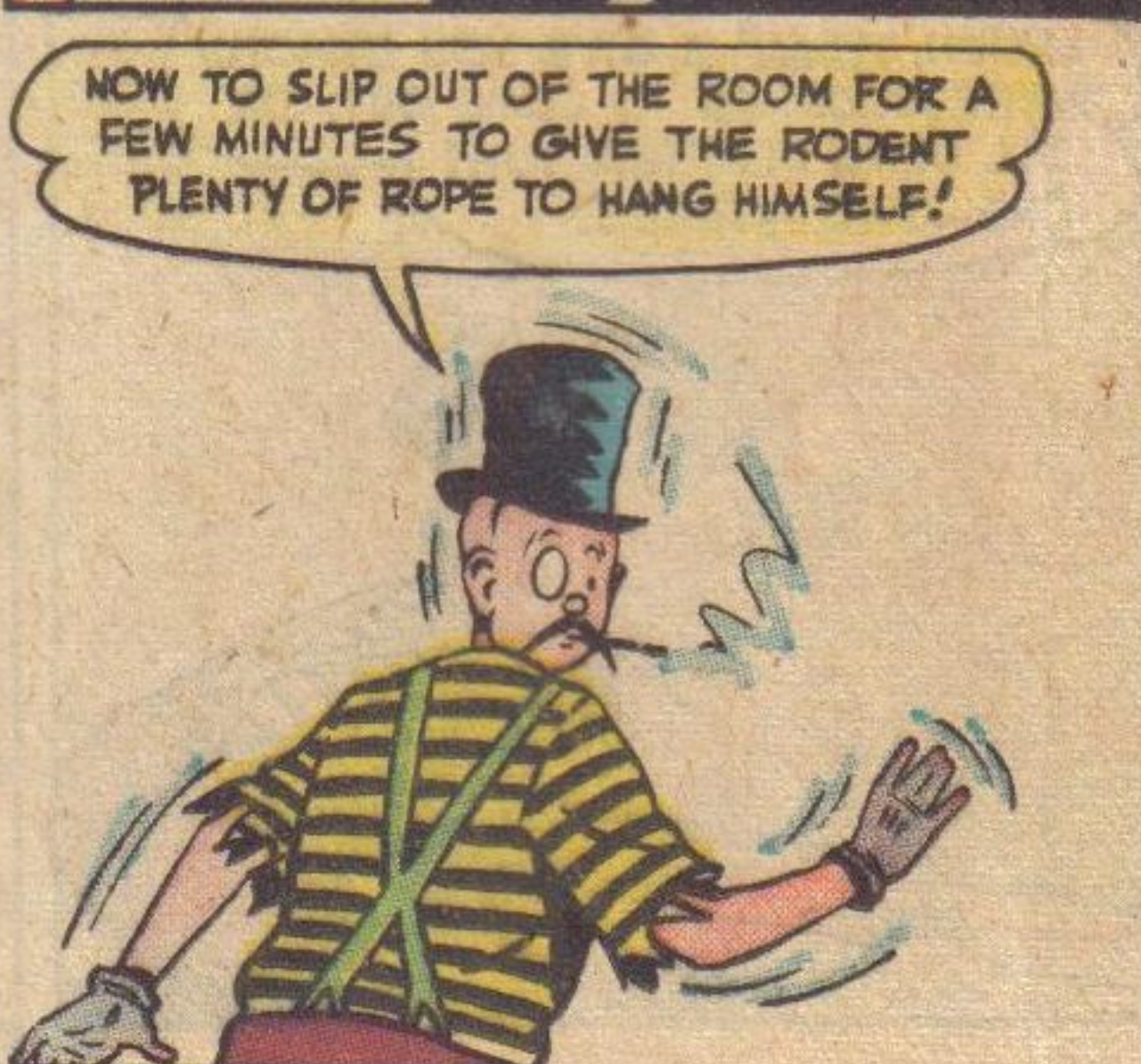
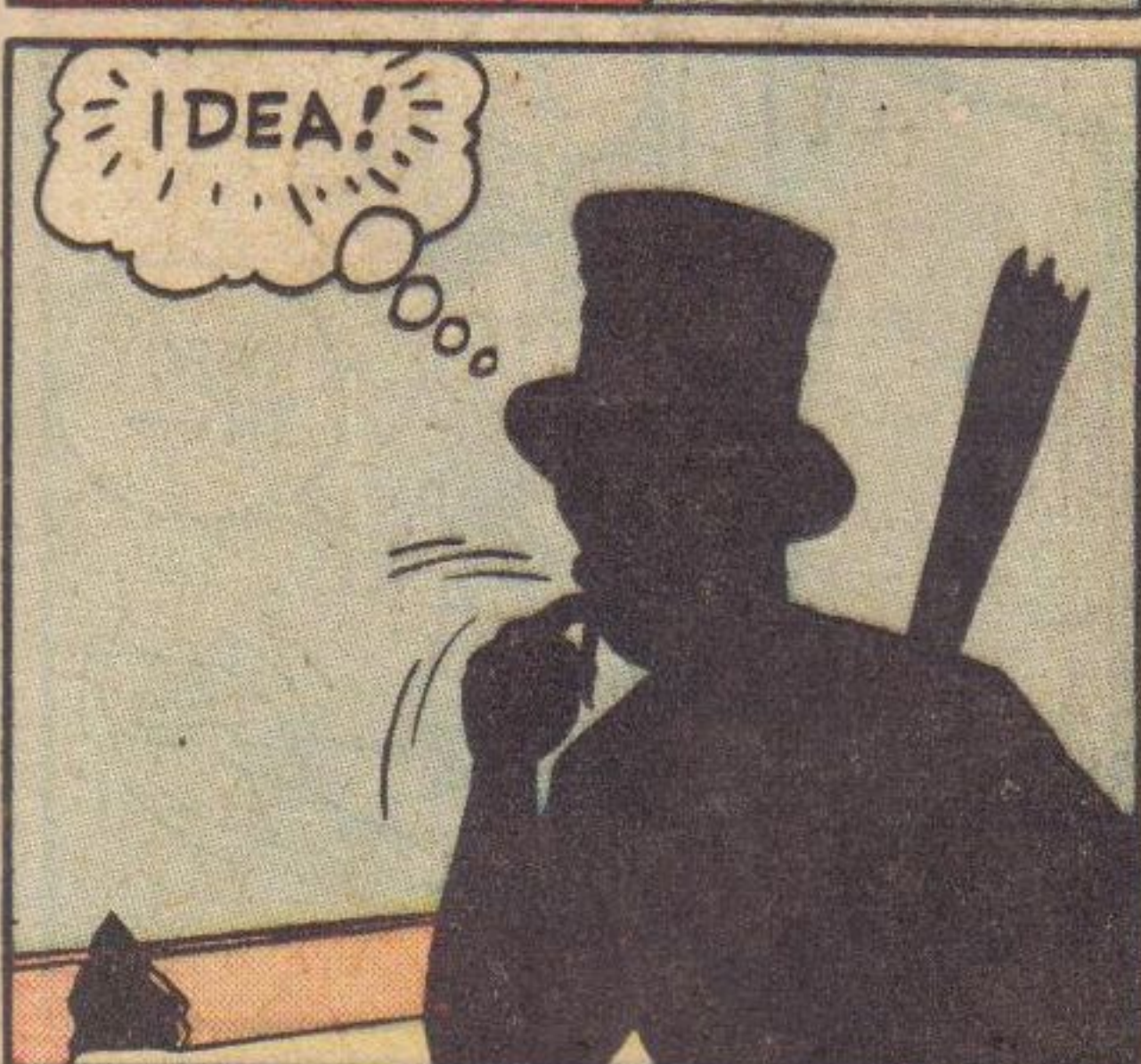
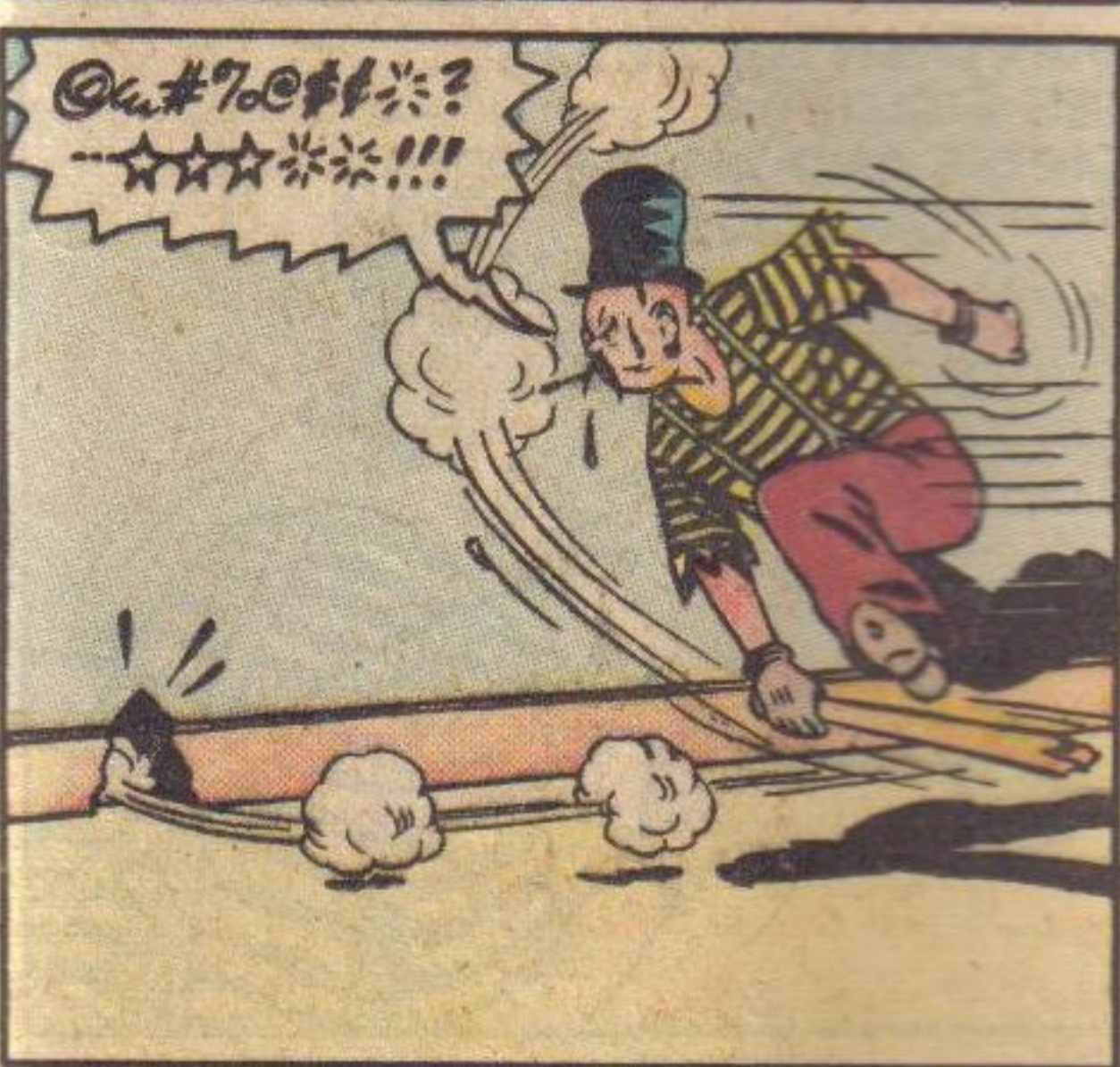
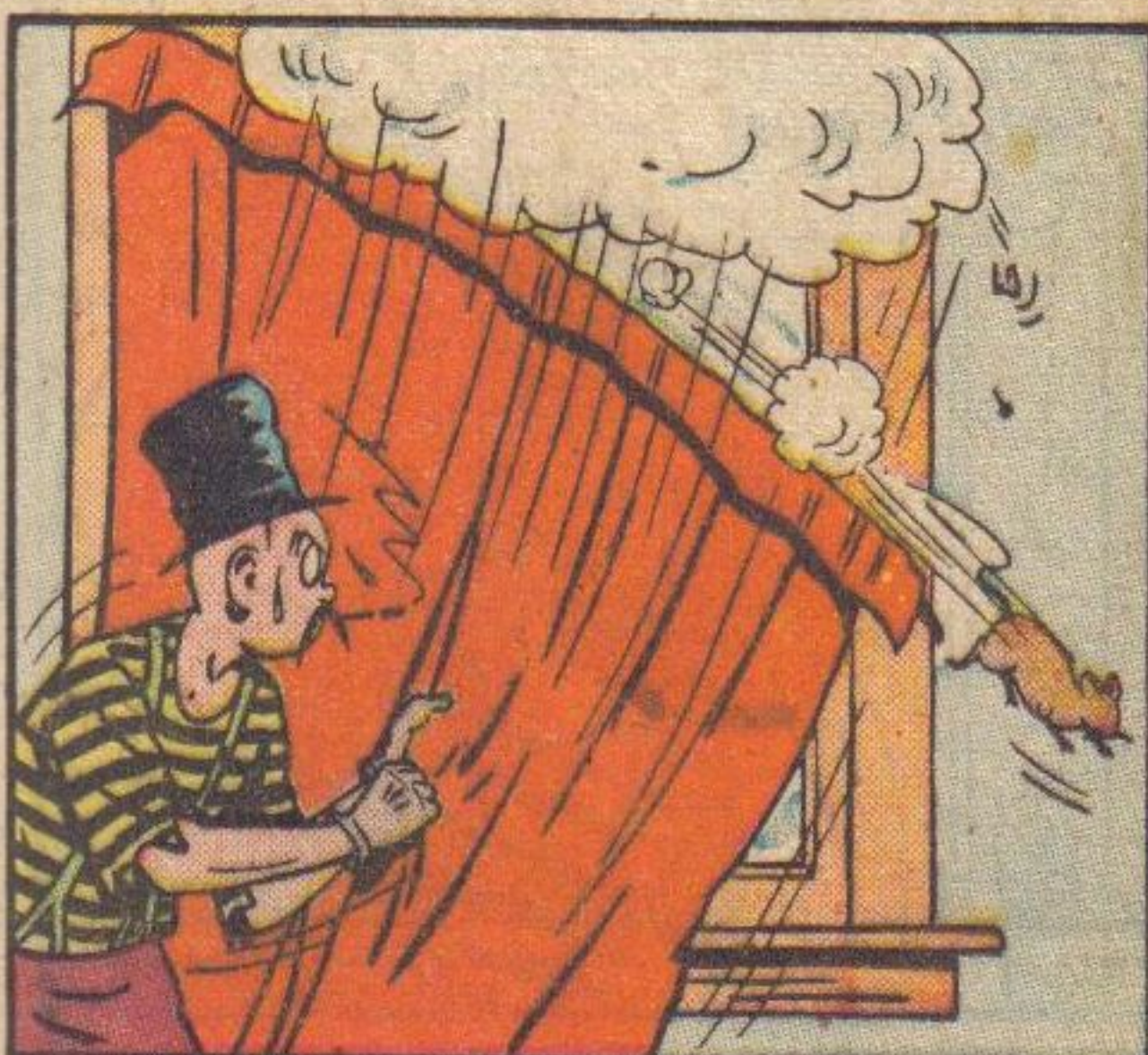
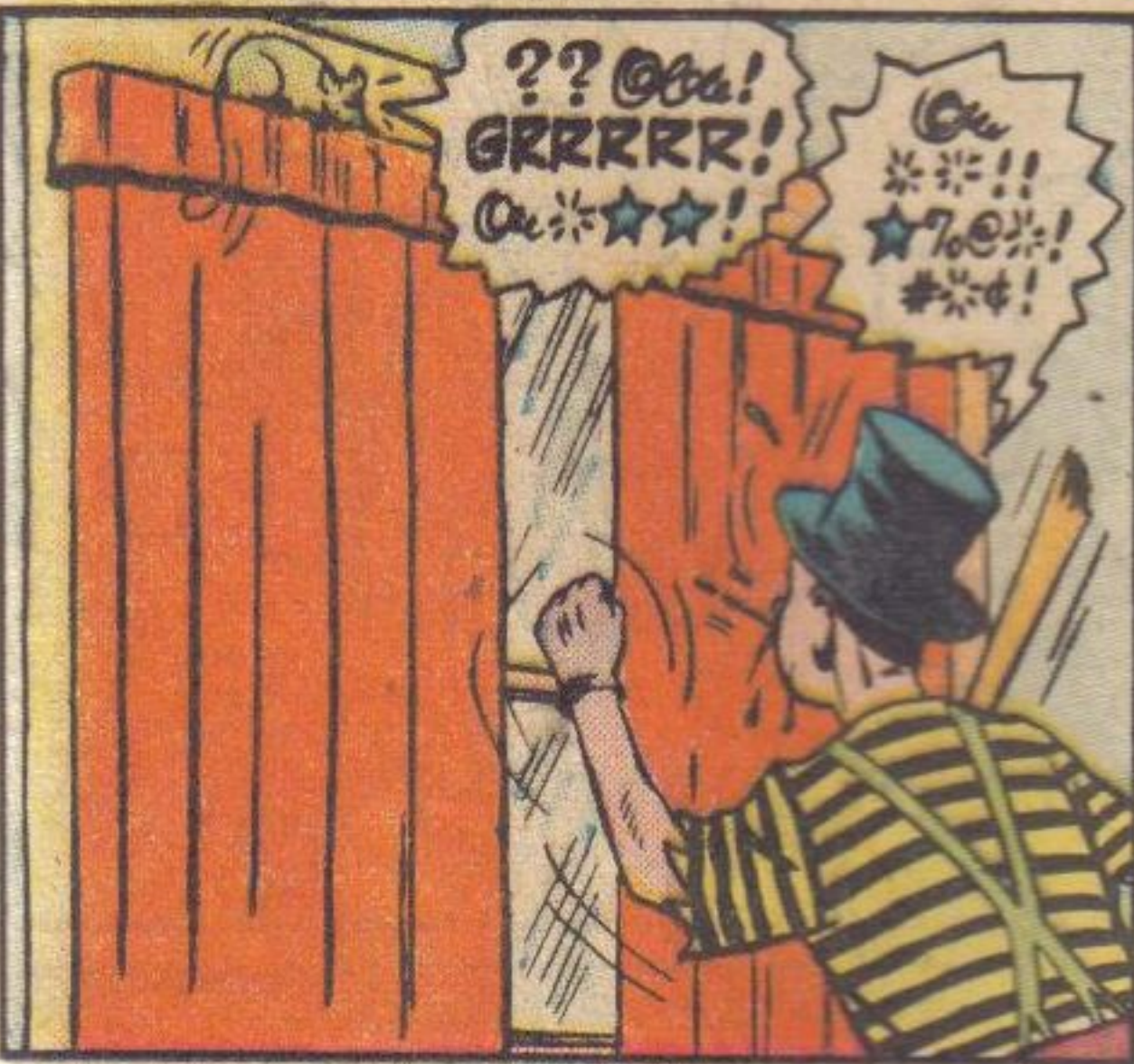
YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT,  
MADAME! WHAT SEEMS  
TO BE THE DIFFICULTY,  
MY IRON-LUNGED  
BUTTERFLY?



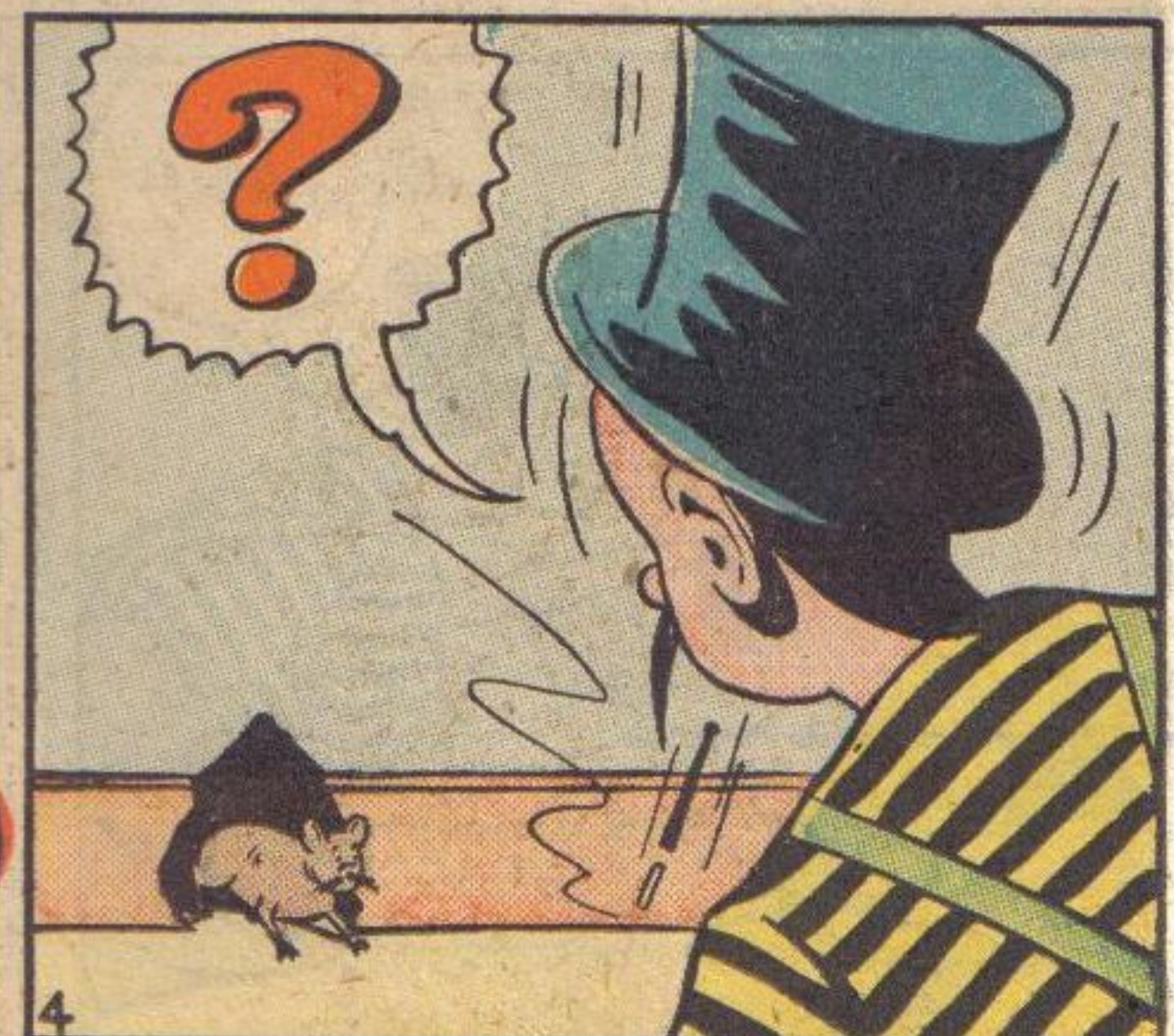
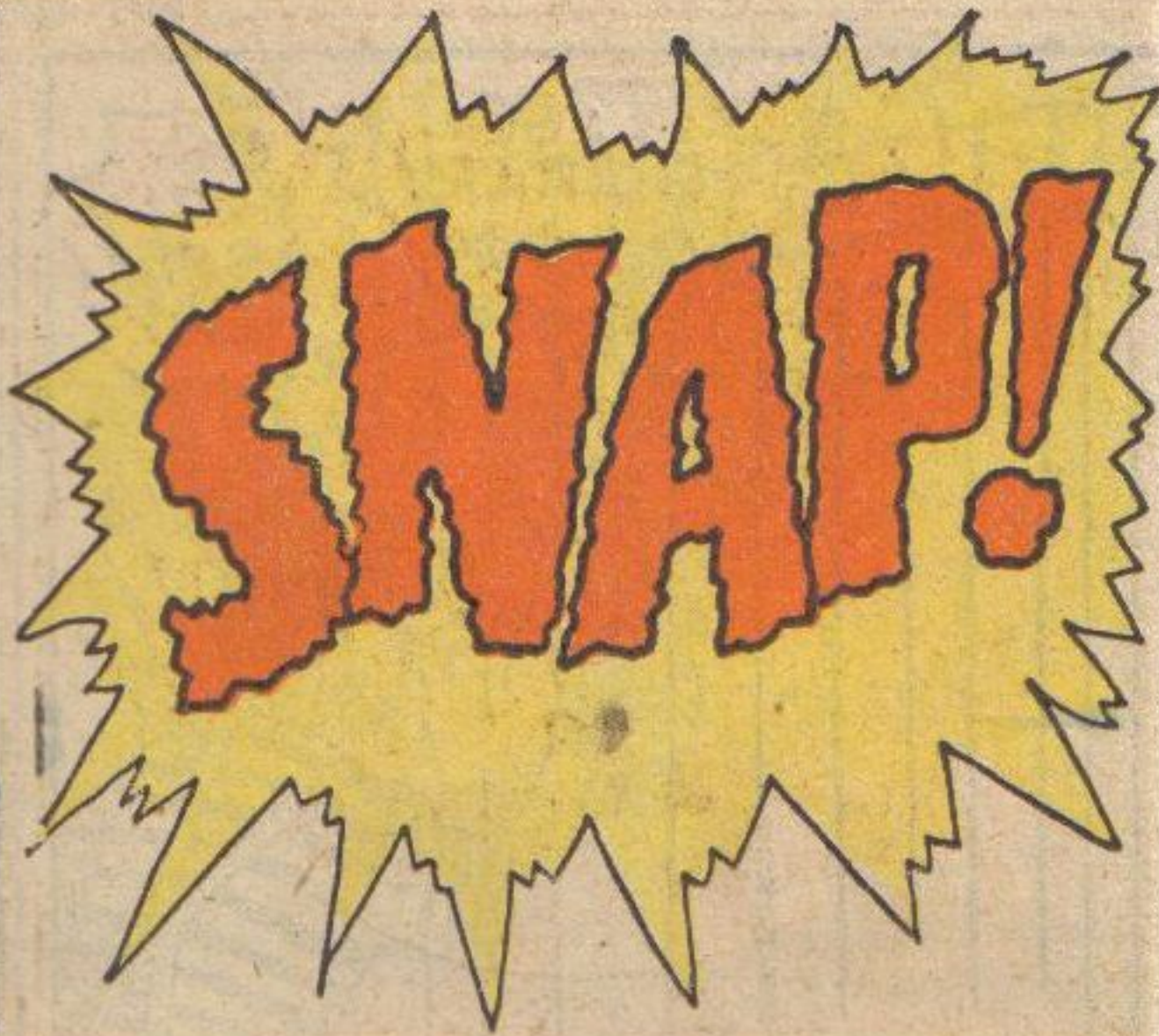




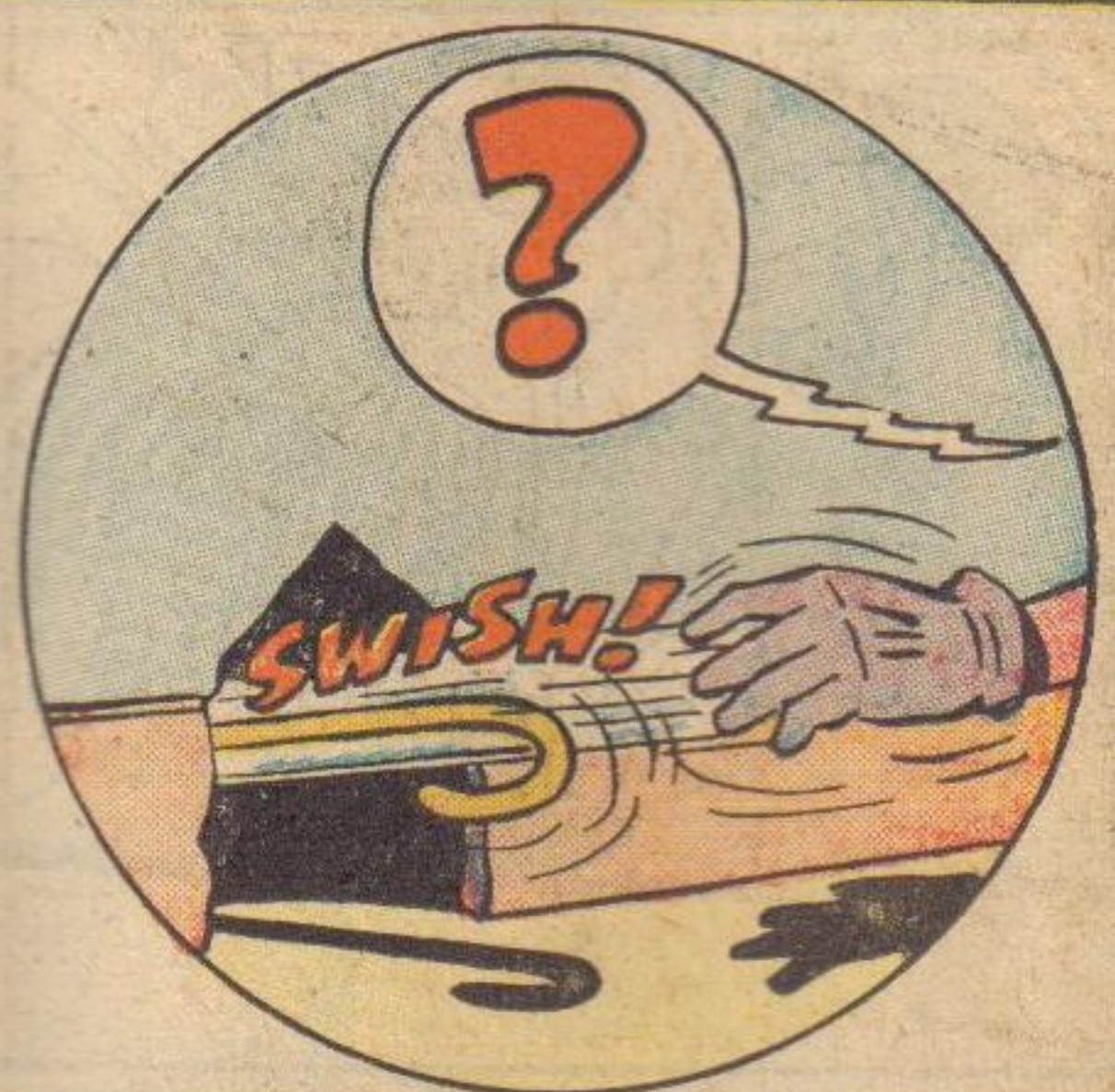
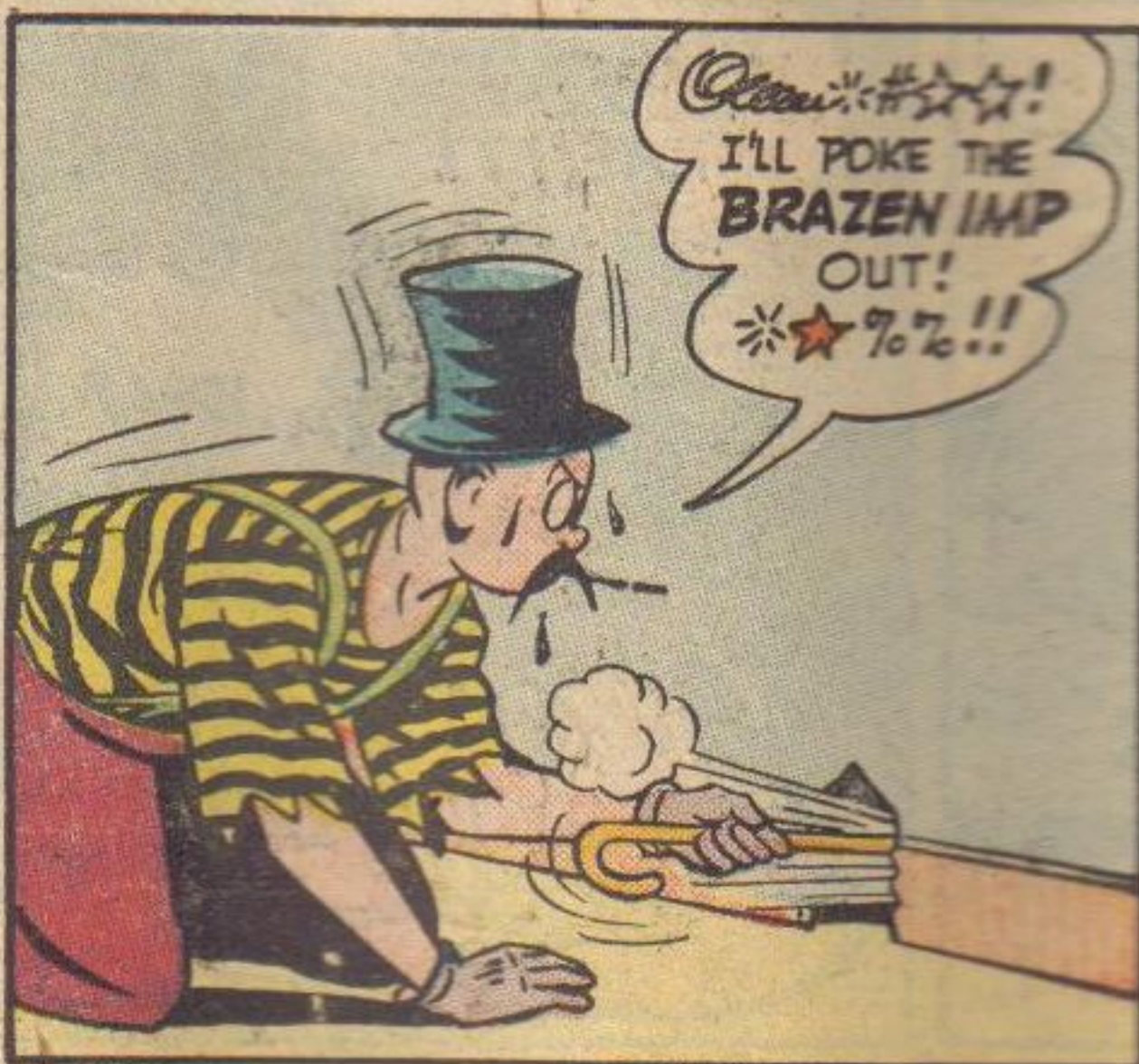
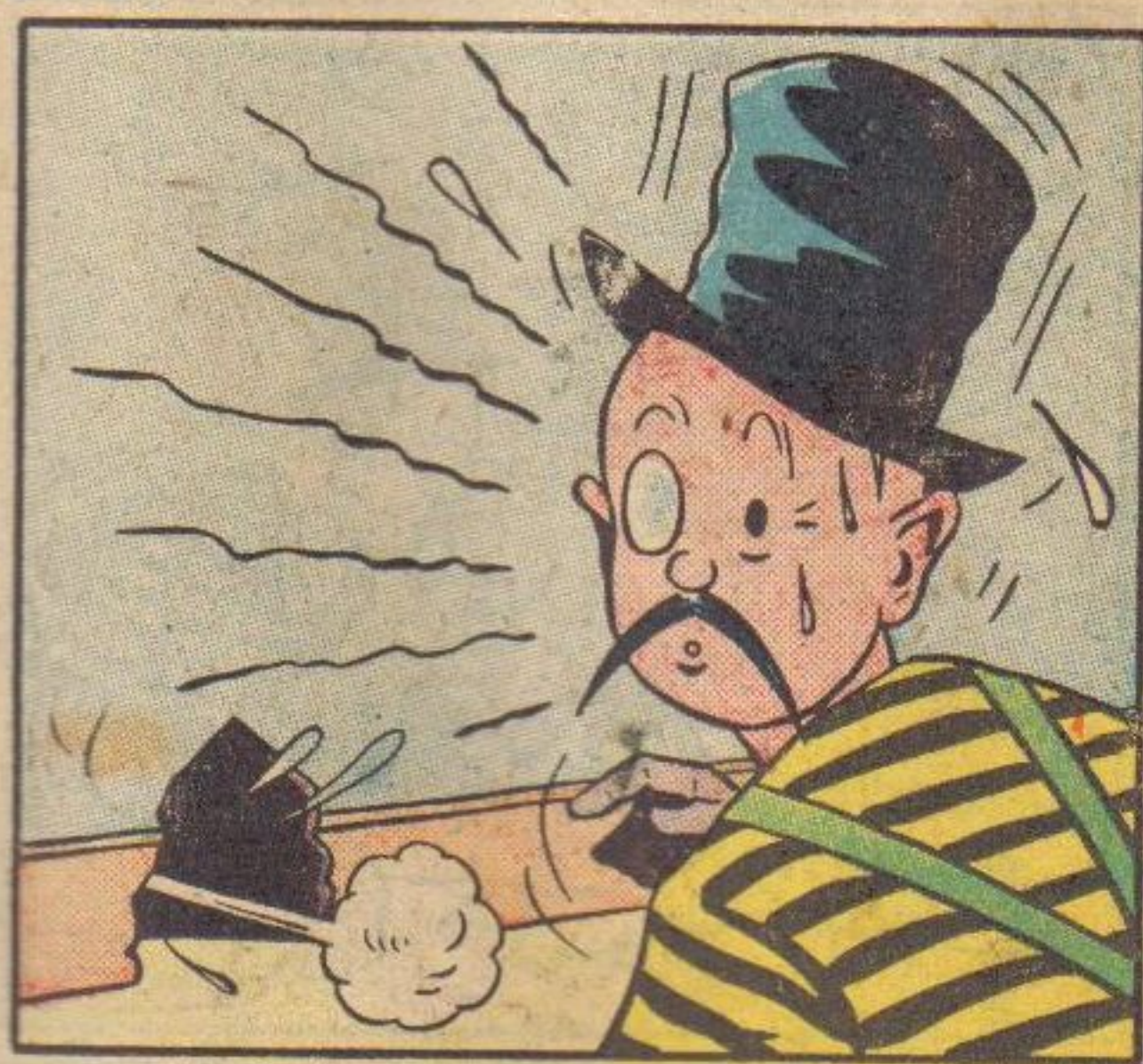
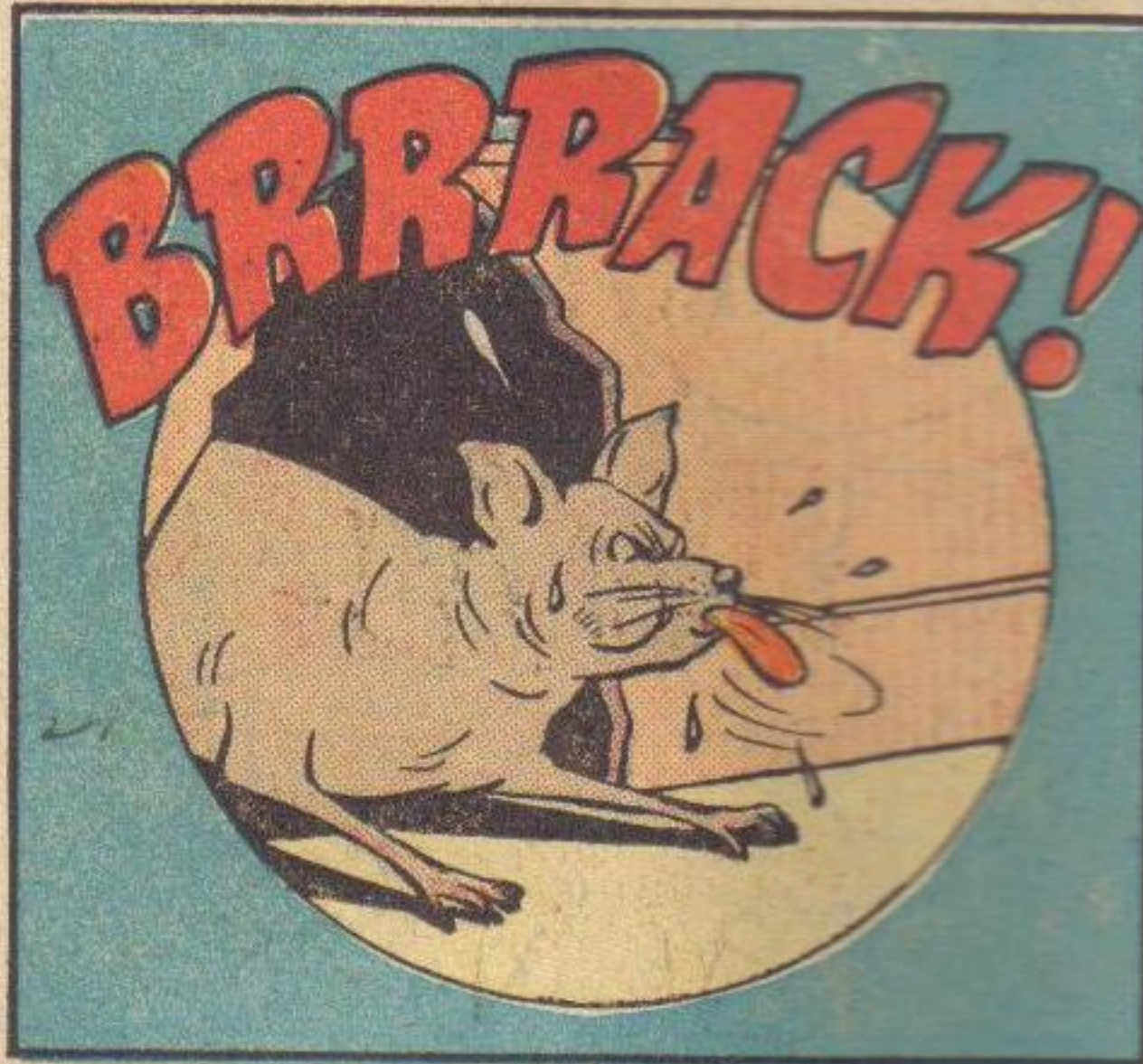


















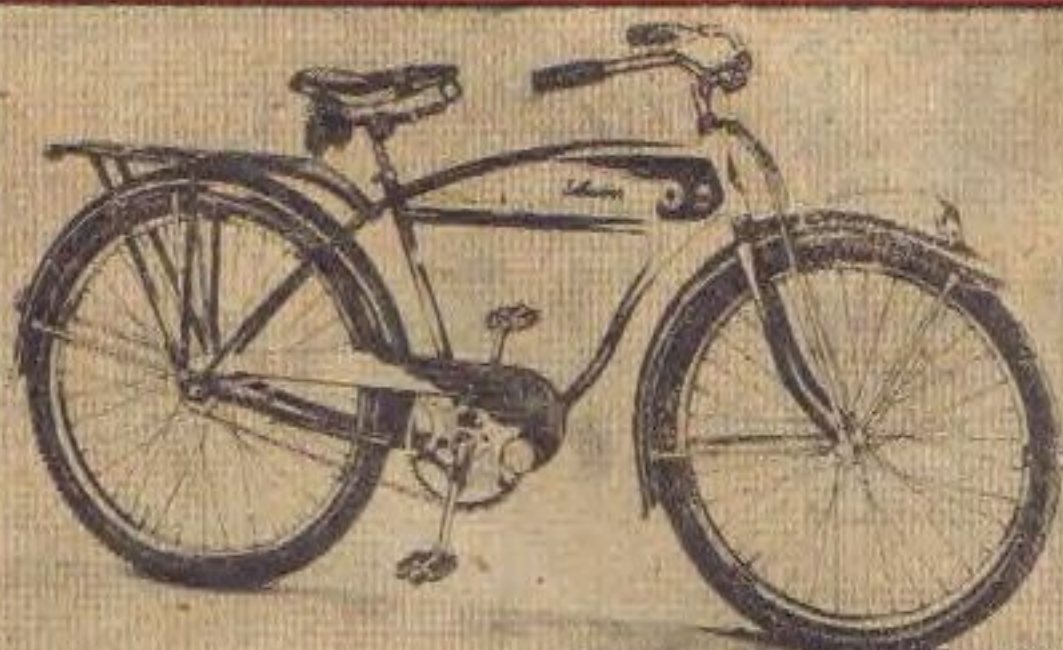
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ON THE FRAME  
BENEATH THE SADDLE



IT'S SCHWINN  
FOR GIRLS'  
BICYCLES, TOO



MERILEE PEDDELS says the new Schwinn-Built Bicycles for girls have rich colors, sturdy streamlined frames—yes, all the great features of the models for boys!



2 WOWIE! I'VE GOTTA NOTIFY TH' POLICE—AN' QUICK! BOY! AM I GLAD I'VE GOT A SCHWINN BIKE. SO I CAN TEAR ALONG



LATER



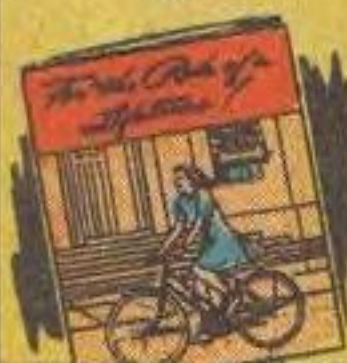
4 YOU'LL BE REWARDED FOR SAVING THE BANK WITH YOUR FAST THINKING, SPEEDY



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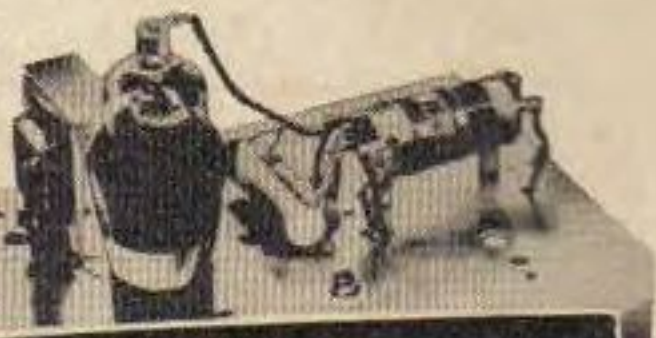
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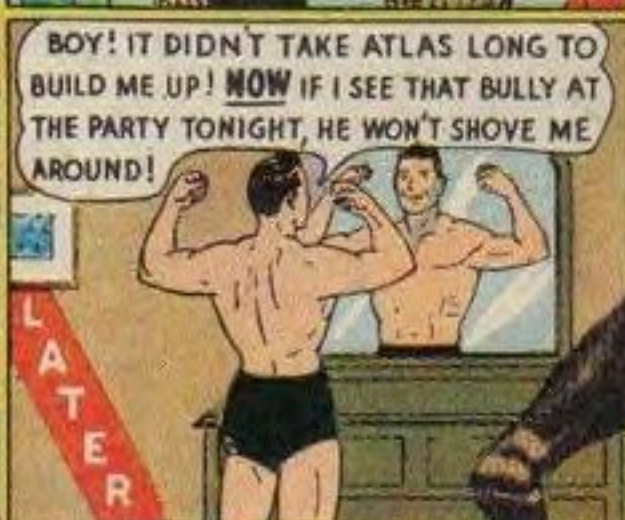


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